

From the Westminster Review.

1. *The Letters and Dispatches of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712.* Edited by General the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE MURRAY. 5 vols. 1845. Murray.
2. *Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and the Court of Queen Anne.* By Mrs. A. T. THOMPSON. 2 vols. 1839. Colburn.
3. *Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne.* Second Edition. 2 vols. 1838. Colburn.
4. *Memoirs of John, first Duke of Marlborough, with the Original Correspondence, selected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other authentic sources.* By WILLIAM COXE, M. A., F. R. S., F. S. A., Archdeacon of Wilts (reprinted with notes and illustrations for "Bohn's Standard Library.") 3 vols. 1847-8.
5. *The Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough.* By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S. Author of the "History of Europe." 1848. Blackwood.

THESE form a group of works that has appeared within the last twelve years, all bearing on the same great and apparently exhaustless theme—the Marlboroughs and their time. None of them, however, can lay claim to much originality, having all, with slight additions, emanated from one fertile source—Mr. Coxe, or Mr. Coxe's remains. The archdeacon, as most people know, was a Brobdignag compiler, who, during a long life of exemplary industry, concatenated numerous bulky quartos of novels, history, biography, correspondence, and archæological dissertations. Beside his published volumes, a vast gathering of MSS. remained, that was stored up in the British Museum, doubtless the overflowings or *ejecta* of the rich materials that, by several distinguished families, ennobled by illustrious ancestors, whom they were desirous should stand well in the estimate of posterity, were placed under his editorial management. It is from the Blenheim division of the teeming field that the above list of publications appears to have been fabricated; the elaborated product offering various degrees of excellence, according to the varying qualities of the soil worked upon, and the artistical skill of the literary craftsman.

Mrs. Thompson's gleanings evince tact and ability. She has managed to produce two interesting volumes of "Memoirs" relative to a very singular woman; more remarkable, however, for an untamable and meddlesome spirit, and the disturbing influence it exercised in great affairs, than for her moral or intellectual superiorities.

The "Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough," is probably by the same hand; like its accompaniment, it does not essentially augment the previous stock of information, and contains little for which we can compliment the *rédacteur*, unless it be a compact and sensible prefix to the reign of Queen Anne. Indeed, the wary duchess left few heaps of papers to explore by the future literary *chiffonnier*. Voluble and unruly in tongue, she was

very careful of written testimony, strictly enjoining her chief correspondents (Marlborough, and Godolphin) to destroy her letters; and, besides, her longevity was such, that she had ample time to put her house in order, so that few excerpts have escaped beyond her own *ex parte*, and often not very faithful, representations of herself.

The "Military Life of Marlborough," by Professor Alison, is a republication of a series of papers that appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. They are a vigorous transcript of the battles and campaigns of the duke, colored up and revived from the archdeacon's "Memoirs," with a sprinkling of selections from the "Dispatches," and some clever sketches of Marlborough's contemporaries. They have the characteristic faults and excellences of the historian of Europe. Animated and vivid in description to the verge of narrative fiction, they are not strictly faithful in portraiture: often turgid in style, and in facts careless of authentication, with a further drawback of a too exclusive and panegyric admiration of the hero, and hence are frequently illogical in conclusion and partial in their delineations.

Although placed first, we have reserved for last commemoration the "Letters and Dispatches of Marlborough," being the work of most apparent novelty and pretension, and demanding more full examination and explicit literary justice. They were trumpeted forth as a *god-send*, either to the inheritor of the glories of Blenheim, the publisher, or the public, and were ushered into life under the editorial care of Sir George Murray.

These priceless remains—for such the world has been led to consider them—of the great duke of Queen Anne's reign, are represented to have been unexpectedly discovered, not at Woodstock, but in a record-room of a house at Hensington, occupied by a land steward. The manner in which the alleged discovery was made, is thus described in the introduction:—

The Duke of Marlborough having, amongst other improvements at Blenheim, built a muniment room, in the month of October, 1842, I superintended, as his grace's solicitor, the removal to it of the deeds and documents from Hensington, near Woodstock. They had been deposited, for a longer period than any person remembers, in a record-room in the house there, which had been appropriated to the residence of some former stewards. In the same room were three large chests, *unlocked*, placed one upon another. I was told by the person who had the charge of the rooms, that these chests merely contained old and useless accounts. I thought it right, however, to examine them myself. In the two upper chests I found old militia accounts and other papers of no value or importance; in the third and undermost I found *eighteen* folio books bound in vellum. On looking into them I discovered, to my great surprise, that they contained manuscript copies of dispatches and letters of John, Duke of Marlborough, in English, French, and some few in Latin. I delivered the books to the duke, who was not aware of their existence, nor were any of his grace's connexions; and it is clear from his work that they were equally unknown to Coxe, who wrote John, Duke of Marlborough's life.

J. WELCHMAN WHATELEY.

The entire number of manuscript volumes was thirty-eight, containing, besides the letters of the duke, those, almost equally numerous, of his secretary, Mr. Cordonnell, and the celebrated journal of Dr. Hare, the duke's chaplain, afterwards Bishop of Chichester. The whole of the volumes, in the exact state found, were placed in the hands of the editor, with full authority for their publication. Charged with this rich freightage, the rule which Sir George Murray laid down for his guidance was that nothing should be withheld from publication that could throw any light upon any transaction of the period deserving of notice. And so deeply does the editor appear to have been impressed with the importance of his mission, that he has certainly exceeded rather than fallen short of the limits prescribed to himself in the execution of his weighty trust.

Now supposing that in this singular occurrence no hoax or plot has been intended by his grace, or his grace's solicitor; supposing that all the parties concerned are wholly unconscious of predacious intent; that the case is ingenuously as represented, without sinister aim; that no hope has been indulged of competing in fame or profit with the "Wellington Dispatches," or any other enterprising venture; that the business as set forth is quite sincere and authentic; why, then, we cannot help thinking that it affords the most memorable example of self-imposture that has occurred in literary history since the time of the Rowley manuscripts, or the Shakspeare forgeries. About the genuineness, however, of the letters and dispatches we have no doubt; that they are what they purport to be we feel quite satisfied; in this respect there has been no mistake, or attempt at a spurious affiliation. But what we entirely dissent from is the worth or novelty of the discovery.

Mr. Wheateley says, that the existence of the books was unknown to the duke, and that "it is clear from his work that they were equally unknown to Coxé, who wrote John, Duke of Marlborough's life." Is Mr. Wheateley quite sure that he is correct in these assertions? Has he collated Coxé's "Memoirs of Marlborough" with the "Letters and Dispatches?" We suspect not. However we have, and, by-and-by, we will inform him of the result. But this is only the solicitor's opinion; therefore let us state that of the ostensible editor.

A regular series (says Sir George Murray) of the correspondence of the first Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712, has been in existence ever since those times, but it is remarkable that *access has never been had* to that original and authentic source of information by any of the authors who have either published a life of that great man, or have written concerning the events in which he bore so conspicuous and important a part. . . . But it seems not improbable that the anxiety felt, and the pains taken by the Duchess of Marlborough to place the *best materials* in the hands of the person whom she had selected to write the life of her deceased husband, may have caused the manuscripts which have lately come to light, to be separated from the general mass of original documents preserved in Blenheim.—*Introd.* 7, 8.

These are the impressions and conjectures of a gentleman, who, in his time, was deemed eminently shrewd, intelligent, and trustworthy. At least, we suppose they are Sir George Murray's opinions; but, perhaps, after all, he did not write the introduction, and had little share in the speculation beyond the loaning out of his name, with its long appendage of honorary additions, for the au-

thentication and embellishment of the title-page. Be this as it may, they only echo the sentiments of his grace's solicitor, as to the marvellous nature of the discovery, and of the surprising fact, that none of Marlborough's biographers had had access to the hidden treasure. Very surprising indeed—if true. But the second portion of the extract seems to solve the astounding enigma, by the happy surmise, that the duchess, in her anxiety for the memory of her husband, had put aside the "best materials" for the use of the persons whom she had selected to write his life. On this supposition the reader is left to infer, that it is only the epistolary offal of the duke that Coxé and other biographers have been feeding upon, the choicest parts having been reserved for a more sumptuous treat in these our later times.

The solution is ingenious and plausible. It is borne out even by an anecdote of the duchess in the last year of her life, which seems to have escaped the editor. In the month of September, previous to her death, (she was then in her 84th year) the tenacious old lady describes herself (*Memoirs*, ii., 486) as having entered into a "new business," which entertained her exceedingly; "tying up great bundles of papers to assist very able historians to write a life of the Duke of Marlborough, which would occupy two folio volumes with the appendix." Now who can tell but one of these "great bundles of papers to assist very able historians," may be the identical fascioli with which Mr. Murray has enriched the literary world? Unhappily the best hypotheses are apt to fail on application, and the climax having risen to this pitch, it is fit the bubble should burst. It is, we are convinced, a mare's nest of the first water. We are convinced that the "Letters and Dispatches" are no discovery whatever; that their existence was well known to Archdeacon Coxé; that he, or some one for him, had had access to them, took from them whatever they thought worth taking, and that the five volumes now given to the world are nothing better than the rejected rubbish of that painstaking historian.

How they came to be preserved up to this time it is hardly needful to inquire, since the circumstances under which they were found appear satisfactorily to unravel the mystery. All that we shall suggest on this head is, that it may have arisen from the natural reluctance of the Churchill family to lose any scrap of paper, however worthless, pertaining to their illustrious predecessor. That no great importance, however, was attached to their preservation, and that they were deemed *waste*, may be indubitably inferred from the place, state and company in which they were found, and from the fact, that they were deposited with other lumber, in unlocked chests. In lieu of being wheeled off to the trunk-maker's or pastry-cook's, they seem, for the reason just stated, to have been taken to an outhouse, in which obscurity, we suspect, without serious loss to the world, they might have been left to perish in the suitable companionship of the old militia accounts.

For these decided conclusions on the value and originality of the Hensington refuse it is fit we should adduce proofs: they are at hand. We have only to bring into parallelism a copy of Coxé's "Memoirs of the Duke," and a copy of the "Dispatches," examine and compare them; see what Mr. Coxé has used and what he has judiciously omitted; and by this comparative assortment we shall speedily find that the works separate into two

distinct portions, in which there is the sterling ore on one side, well arranged and digested, and on the other the veriest dross, in fragments and disorder.

Take for illustration the battle of Blenheim. Of this, the greatest of Marlborough's victories, Mr. Coxe gives an able and elaborate description; he collects information from every available source; from the official letters of the duke; no memoir or military detail, English or foreign, appears to have escaped him; whatever could throw a particle of light on the great battle and the memorable campaign it signalized, he has woven into his narrative; and having done this he then finishes the picture by giving the collateral private correspondence with the duchess and her friend Godolphin. Now it is some unpublished private letters of the duke that could alone be of any value or rarity; his official letters to England and the princes of the continent could be of no importance, as they are public documents that have long since appeared in a thousand channels. But of the private correspondence to which we allude, and which could alone be of worth, none of any consequence has been found in the imaginary *treasure-trove* of Hensington. In Coxe, beside the famous pencil note to the duchess, written on the field of battle, and the original copy of which continues to be preserved at Blenheim, not at Hensington, there are several other interesting private notes written the day after the battle, on the 14th of August—one to the minister Godolphin, and another to the duchess. Are the originals or any copies of these found in the "Letters and Dispatches" now published? Certainly not. How should they, Coxe or his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Maty, having already carried them off? There is, in truth, no very intelligible or complete account of the battle, or of the previous action at the Schellenberg in the "Dispatches," or of the movements by which they were preceded, except in the details incorporated by the editor from official letters and the journal of Hare; neither of which can have any claim to novelty, the originals of both being preserved and accessible to Coxe or anybody, the former in the State Paper Office, and the latter in the British Museum.

Compare any other portion of the duke's history, and similar evidence is afforded that the "Dispatches" had been overhauled by Coxe, and that he had extracted from them the portions suited to his purpose. For example, in the "Dispatches," (vol. i., p. 439,) is a letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, stating the immense loss incurred by the French at Blenheim and in their retreat. Coxe has not thought fit to insert the whole of this letter, but it is evident that he had seen and abstracted it, as he gives precisely the same figures and verbatim statement in the "Memoirs," (vol. i., p. 313.) In Coxe are two extracts from letters addressed to Mr. Secretary Harley, dated August 21st and 28th; the first is given entire in the "Dispatches," but there is no trace of the second. Again, in the "Dispatches," (vol. iv., p. 599,) is published the duke's letter to Mr. Secretary Boyle, describing the steps he had taken to relieve the miseries of wounded French officers and soldiers, who, after the dreadful battle of Malplaquet, had crept into the neighboring hovels and woods. This letter Mr. Coxe has not given at length, but his narrative ("Memoirs," vol. v., p. 71) is manifestly compiled from it, with the aid of sundry other letters, addressed to the duchess, the lord treasurer, and Lord Sunderland. None of these, however, are contained in the "Dispatches," though extremely

interesting from the picture they exhibit of the bodily and mental state of the duke from over-fatigue, and the horrible sights he beheld of carnage and suffering left by the late frightful slaughter. These are the choice pieces of the correspondence; they are the plums which Coxe had taken out and incorporated in his pages, leaving only that which he did not want—details of frivolities, chiefly consisting of letters of compliment and etiquette, or repetitious accounts of the same transactions, forwarded to the vast circle of his European correspondents.*

In his preface Mr. Coxe gives a description of the immense mass of papers placed at his disposal, and which apparently included all now published, and a vast deal more. The "mere titles of which," he says, "would fill a volume." He went to Blenheim to make his selections; all the family papers and everything else pertaining to his task were submitted to him; a large portion he doubtless took home to Bemerton, leaving the rest to be extracted, sifted and assorted by the Rev. Mr. Maty, to whom he particularly expressed his acknowledgments "for selecting the papers from the archives of Blenheim, and for his continued and zealous aid during the progress of the work." (Preface, xviii.)

From this extract it is manifest that a selection was made; that the entire mass of Blenheim papers was not removed by Coxe or his assistant; that portions were taken and the rest left. The volumes of "Dispatches" now published and represented as never having been accessible to the duke's biographers, doubtless form the residue which Mr. Coxe and his assistant put aside as useless to their undertaking, or of which the more authentic originals could be seen in the State Paper Office. Thus does the mystery appear to be explained, both as to the intrinsic worth of the Hensington papers and the motives to their ignominious extrusion, in meet fellowship, to the condemned hole of the steward's room.

But if such be a true unravelment, what can be thought of the extraordinary oversight—hallucination, it may be termed—of Professor Alison! It must, we presume, be classed among the follies of the wise. Able and eloquent the historian undoubtedly is, but more remarkable for strength and facility than logic or a nice discrimination; and to these defects may be ascribed his notable mistake on the value of the Marlborough dispatches, and his astounding certification that "more useful and momentous materials of history were never presented to the public!" If periodical criticism has any useful judicial function, it is in checking a delusion or misrepresentation of this import; in preventing a mass of the veriest lumber being held up as the inestimable elements of national history.

* In the "Dispatches" is a letter addressed to Mr. Stanhope, dated September 11, 1709. Of this letter eleven copies appear to have been preserved in the manuscript volumes at Hensington, addressed to as many different individuals, namely, the King of Prussia, the King of Portugal, the Duke of Savoy, the King of Poland, the Elector of Hanover, the Elector Palatine, the Landgrave of Hesse, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, the States-General, the Duke of Lorraine, and the Earl of Galway. ("Dispatches," v., p. 595.) With the exception of Lord Galway these were members of the grand alliance, to each of whom, as generalissimo, Marlborough had to make a special communication of his movements, and it is this duplicate correspondence that makes up a large portion of the contents of the five volumes of the "Dispatches."

However, we are glad of the occasion to which we shall now turn, afforded by this needful exposition, briefly to touch on an eventful epoch, and on the characters of the more conspicuous personages by which it was honored or desecrated.

It is remarkable how little is authentically and fully known of recent British history. Generally and biographically it has to be written even from the commencement of the last century: neither events nor men have been truly commemorated. Panegyric or vituperation has too often obscured the media through which we behold them, for either to have attained their true place in the public calendar; nor can any sanguine hopes be indulged that this chasm in the national literature will be speedily filled up. Factions never die, nor sects, nor their sympathies and aversions. Under a different nomenclature, or different atmosphere of light and heat, they have always existed, and seem hereditary in human society. How slender, then, is the hope that a Daniel will rise to the judgment-seat; that any great spirit will appear, so divested of the disturbing influences of birth, rank and connexion, as to sit impartially on the *manes* of the past, or even on a single batch of contemporaries—upon the age of Pitt and Fox, for example, or that of Voltaire and Rousseau, or of the Revolution and Napoleon. We should be thankful for this installment of historical justice, without ascending to its antecedents of the Middle Ages, the Universal Church and the Reformation, though the last form links of the story in the evolution of one category of agencies. Like material nature, the moral history of man is wonderfully simple in its elementary constituents, so that the entire European narrative, from the days of King Pepin to Queen Victoria, is resolvable into a few predominant or conflictive forces—spiritually into the struggles between the popedom and private judgment, and secularly into the strife between feudalism and commerce, *surfrage* and equal rights.

For proof of our indistinct appreciation of a recent generation we may take the subjects of the present article. The reign of Queen Anne almost touches on our own age, yet the impressions received of its principles and *dramatis personæ* are vague and inaccurate. The most we certainly know of it is, that, though a brief term of national history, it was instinct with life, with stirring interests and characters. War, politics, religion, and literature, which constitute the chief excitements in the progress of states, were all energetically abroad under the queen's government. What relations they bore to existing analogues, it may be useful to inquire; first prefacing a remark on the stability of the monarchy itself.

It is doubtful whether the English government ever existed in a state of greater strength, compactness, and unchallenged absolutism, than Charles II. left it. Only one spirit was abroad, that of submission to the sovereign's will. Loyalty was the universal faith among the gentry, the clergy, the towns, and corporations. Three short years, however, wrought an entire change, and James II. was deposed by as simultaneous a national defection as history records. Notwithstanding, by many of the chief actors, the Revolution of 1688 was looked upon more as a change than a settlement; a temporary expedient to meet the temporary emergency created by the insane efforts of the king to reestablish popery. Had James recovered his senses, which he never did, there would have been little difficulty pending some years after his

withdrawal, in effecting his restoration. Few thought of irrevocably dethroning him, only of vicariously filling up the regal chasm during his mental alienation. The dynasty itself had ceased to be hated; it was its infatuated Romanism that was abhorred. Protestantism was felt to be in danger; and the Prince of Orange, being a good Protestant, was invited to its rescue. England had rendered the same service to Holland, in a similar juncture, almost a century earlier. As *locum tenens* of his father-in-law, not as the usurper of his crown, the prince accepted the invitation. In this light was the transaction viewed by Marlborough and other accessories, if not the principals, of the movement, who accepted the Prince of Orange as the regent, not the permanent sovereign of the realm. King William appears to have entertained a like impression, considering his English connexion not indissoluble, and subsequently, when irritated by the factious, repeatedly threatened to retire to Holland, leaving England a prey to Popery and the Stuarts.

He held on, however, till his death. By the accession of Anne the Jacobite interest was strengthened, the queen being a high tory, and consequently approaching nearer, both from sentiment and personal relationship, to the exiled family. Moreover, King William had left her a tory ministry, from which, however, she was speedily alienated by its arrogance and violence, as her predecessor had been by the same qualities in their opponents. But the queen was too deficient in education and natural abilities to be capable of independent volition; and though necessarily leaning on others for counsel and direction, she never swerved as a Jacobite-tory. For the Hanover family she cherished an inveterate dislike; and towards the close of her reign had formed determinate schemes for defeating the Protestant settlement by leaving the throne to her brother, the Pretender. Her sudden death, and the violent rupture between Harley and Bolingbroke, frustrated this wild speculation. Under other circumstances, it was not likely to have been successful. The Protestant feeling of the country, if not its attachment to civil liberty, was too fixed and pervading to allow of a reaction towards the Church of Rome. It is probable this feeling most influenced the Duke of Marlborough, as his military profession and torism must have made him indifferent to the absolutism of the Stuarts; but through life he was firm in his attachment to the Church of England.

It was the extraordinary martial genius of this eminent person that gave the greatest lustre to the reign of Queen Anne. Associated with him in the government of the country, was the Lord Treasurer, Sidney, Earl of Godolphin. An indissoluble friendship subsisted between the warrior and statesman, strengthened by a family alliance. Like Marlborough, Godolphin had been a Jacobite-tory; he was an amiable man, of strict integrity and exemplary disinterestedness, and possessed considerable judgment and abilities, especially in finance, but greatly inferior to his talented colleague in firmness, decision, and energy of character. These deficiencies were partly supplied by the third Trimvir, Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, known through all time for her fiery temper and imperiousness. This celebrated woman had been an attendant on the queen while Princess Anne, and by her address, strength of intellect, and resoluteness, had obtained unlimited control over her. Unlike her royal mistress, her own husband, and

their mutual friend, the lord treasurer, the duchess was a determined whig, and unceasing agitator for the interests of her party. It was mainly through her influence that the character of the ministry was changed, and the whigs admitted to a share in the administration. This, however, belongs to a later period. The grand epoch of the duke's history commences with the government entirely in his hands, both at home and abroad; either directly through his own vast capabilities, or intermediately by the coöperation of his clever countess, and the minister Godolphin. Virtually, Marlborough was the sovereign, and exercised the functions of sovereignty as they were wont to be exercised in past times—leading the armies and directing the public councils and civil administration of the realm.

Ere the duke reached this apex, a glance at his previous history is necessary to comprehend his character and position. His superiorities as soldier, statesman, diplomatist, and courtier, were of the transcendental order; but personally and in proportion to his deserts he is inadequately known to the world. It is often eccentricity more than true greatness that makes men's names familiar; and of this Marlborough had little to distinguish him. For startling anecdote and apothegms his biography is not remarkable. His eminence above others mainly consisted in native vigor and grasp of intellect, in unerring judgment, firmness of purpose, and undeviating prudence. The last is not usually associated with genius, but distinguished examples show that it is not alien to force and originality of intellect. Shakspeare appears to have been so gifted; Sir Walter Scott offers another instance. Like the duke, too, the author of "Waverley," evinced a corresponding eagerness for exaltation and hereditary perpetuity, by access of riches, honors, and aristocratic connexions. Were it not invidious, if not superfluous, living and illustrious names might be cited, of the association of the homely conservative virtues with extraordinary mental endowments.

Marlborough was born in 1650, at Ashe, in Devonshire. He belonged to a family of repute long settled in the county, that had suffered great losses by taking the royalist side in the Great Rebellion. These sacrifices were partly compensated at the Restoration, by the Churchills being favorably received at court. At the age of twelve, the future hero of Blenheim was the favorite page of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., from whom he received an ensigncy in the guards. His first essay in arms was at the siege of Tangier, in 1666, when he signalized his prowess against the Moors; but his earliest and most successful fields were, doubtless, about St. James', where his good looks and good manners interested *les dames*. His sister Arabella had already become the mistress of his patron;* and the Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite beauty of Charles II., became enamored of the

young guardsman. By a contrivance of Buckingham, the king had ocular proof afforded him of this petty treason, and, to remove out of the way so dangerous a rival, sent Churchill to the Low Countries.

However disreputable his connexion with the king's mistress, it proved the turning point of Marlborough's fortunes. At this period, England was in disgraceful alliance with France, for the subjugation of the Dutch provinces. Her armies were led by the celebrated Condé and Marshal Turenne; and it was under these eminent teachers that the future conqueror of the Bourbons learnt the art of scientific warfare. He was five years in Flanders, and his talents and gallantry won for him deserved distinction. At the siege of Maestricht, Louis XIV. thanked him for his services, and Turenne, who constantly called him "the handsome Englishman," was so impressed by his martial abilities, that he predicted he would be a great man.

Beside training in the highest military school, another advantage resulted to Churchill from his connexion with Cleveland, and which somewhat militates against the alleged bootless issue of ill-gotten gains. As a token of regard, the duchess had made Marlborough a present of £5,000, with which the provident soldier bought a life-annuity; and upon the strength of this provision, aided by his colonelcy of a regiment, he was determined in the most important step of his life: this was his marriage, in 1678, after a courtship of three years, with Sarah Jennings. The nuptials were private; but, as might be expected from the contracting parties, a poor match in respect of fortune, pedigree, and prospects. Miss Jennings was then the confidential attendant of the Princess Anne; shrewd, clever, and accomplished, though not held to be equal in beauty to her elder sister, Frances—*La Belle Jennings*, of Grammont—of inferior personal attractions. She proved both the bane and blessing in her husband's career; but whether she contributed most to make or mar his ambitious schemes, it is hard to decide. In one thing she was eminently successful, in fixing through life the undivided attentions of her partner, and weaning him from the licentious habits he had been wont to indulge in a dissolute court.

Marlborough was ten years older than his consort. But the chief disparity between them was in temper. The duke's was first-rate: in battle, council, or debate, his equanimity was ever undisturbed. Inflexibly intent on his own ends, he suffered no idle quarrel, no unprofitable misunderstandings or jealousies, to interfere with their attainment. But his partner was differently constituted. She was a Marplot; meddling, capricious, and uncontrollably irascible. In other respects they had extraordinary resemblances. Both were distinguished by personal attractions, and both were entirely people of the world, trained and accomplished in its ways, and greedy of its possessions. In the materiality of their aspirations there was a remarkable coincidence, the solid gifts of fortune, realized in some positive entity of wealth, power, or influence, being the common aim; and neither was remarkable for refinement of taste, elevation of sentiment, or intellectual culture.

Arabella's seduction, seems to have been joyful surprise that so plain a girl should have obtained such height of preferment.—*History of England*, vol. i., p. 459.

* Mr. Macaulay, who has conceived a strong dislike of Marlborough, and who in our estimate has not given him fair credit for the great and good qualities he undoubtedly possessed, has the subjoined depreciatory notice of Arabella Churchill and her family: "The young lady was not beautiful, but the taste of James was not nice, and she became his avowed mistress. She was the daughter of a poor cavalier knight, who haunted Whitehall, and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio [Coxe calls him 'a man of letters,' and, like Mr. Macaulay, author of a History of England, entitled *Diui Britannici*,] long forgotten, in praise of monarchs and monarchy. The necessities of the Churchills were pressing, their loyalty was ardent, and their only feeling, on

It was under the direction of these clever, but somewhat vulgar and intensely selfish persons, that the queen began her reign. In natural and acquired abilities, but chiefly the former, she was inferior to her guardians. When Marlborough represented Queen Anne to foreign courts as "a good sort of a woman," he very happily set forth her true character. She would have formed an excellent citizen's wife, or perhaps a gentlewoman; but she had no gifts for a throne, unless it was her deportment, which was eminently gracious. Her virtues were of the household order; affectionate, and prone to indulge the sympathies of the heart in the endearments of connubial life and the relations of family and friendship; but to govern transcended her sphere, and became to her an oppression and torment. Conscious of her inadequacy, she had the usual infirmity of persons mistrustful of themselves, in being jealous of the aids she needed, and the appearance of being controlled by them.

Such are the hardships of hereditary rule; without either the ambition or capacity for sovereignty, the queen was compelled to bear the yoke, and that too during one of the most trying periods of history, when the country was a prey to inveterate factions, engaged in one of its greatest wars, and when the succession to the crown itself was in peril. All these evils would doubtless have been averted or lessened under the sway of a more competent ruler; and Anne's reign offers a forcible illustration of the calamities resulting from the weakness of the executive. Under an able and energetic prince, the succession would have been promptly assured, the ascendancy of parasites and factions rebuked, and the exhaustion of the war, chiefly arising from a lavish and unchecked expenditure for individual gain, curtailed.

Anne reigned but governed not. Favoritism bore absolute sway. The Marlboroughs had first possession. But the duke's uncommon abilities made his ascendancy no unworthy preference. In civil and military transactions he was unequalled by the greatest of his contemporaries; joining to first-rate statesmanship all the amenities that adorn society and make it agreeable. Nature had made him for active life and great affairs—to govern men, win their esteem, and sway their councils; but it is as a warrior that he is most renowned. His administrative abilities were vast, and what he did in a civil capacity is both important and interesting; but it is his martial exploits that form the most lustrous portion of his annals. He may have erred in the conflicts of politicians, or in his personal predilections, but as a general he made no mistakes. In this he was unrivalled, always self-possessed, without weakness or oversight; indefatigable in effort, unerring in conception, resistless and inexorable in execution.

For proof of Marlborough's extraordinary genius in war, it is sufficient to contemplate his brilliant campaign in Germany in 1704. History hardly offers a parallel to it in boldness and originality of design, vigor and success of execution, unless it be General Bonaparte's first triumphant career in Italy. In both were displayed the same untiring activity, the same varied and masterly abilities in the field, the council, and the cabinet; and both were distinguished by equally splendid military achievements. The attack on the Schellenberg by the confederates was as daring an exploit as the storming of the Bridge of Lodi by the republicans. Both enterprises savored of recklessness of human life, if not rashness. Had they failed, mankind

would have denounced them for temerity; but they succeeded, the audacity of the generals being seconded by good fortune and the resistless valor of their troops. But it may be doubted whether Napoleon in this his first burst on the world, gained any victory more complete than that of Blenheim. Doubtless, after winning a battle like that of Blenheim in August, he would have spent his Christmas at Brussels. And so would Marlborough, had he been left to the bent of his own daring and energetic combinations, unfettered by confederate councils and the military usages of his time, that would only allow a country to be conquered by instalments. From such checks Bonaparte was not wholly free; he had the Directory to manage, and to begin the campaign with an army destitute of everything save courage; but the difficulties of Marlborough were more numerous and obstructive. His army was a heterogeneous host, and some of its constituents not of the first quality. His British troops might be depended upon, having been well trained in the wars of King William; but their prowess was partly neutralized by phlegmatic Dutchmen and Hanoverians, and the reluctant contingents of Germany—with the further drawback to contend against of having his movements impeded by the impotent misgivings of Dutch deputies, German princes, and British ministers.

Marlborough was past middle life when he entered on this eventful period of his history. He was still robust and indefatigable, but a martyr to distracting maladies. From dimness of sight, headache, fever, or ague, he was hardly ever free; disorders doubtless aggravated, if not produced, by fatigue, and the anxious spirit that had to watch over the vast and complicated machine he had in motion. Despite of these disturbances, how much he did and endured! What clouds of letters and dispatches to every court in Europe! what treaties he signed or negotiated! what toilsome diplomatic missions he performed in winter—what forced marches in the heats of summer! what splendid victories he won, and what grand schemes of military combination he organized and executed! Except during the Crusades or the Reformation, Europe had never, before the war of the succession to the Spanish Throne, been so generally excited, so expanded in force and movement; and the omnipresent soul and arm of the British general was felt in every vibration. Where Marlborough was not, the machine stopped or went wrong—whether it was among the factions of the court of St. James', the wavering and calculating Dutch States, the sluggish and mercenary princes of Germany, or among his own generals—for even in his camp he had those who felt oppressed by his ascendancy, and reluctantly yielded to the lustre of his genius—at home, as on the continent, the pivot of all great affairs rested on him. He was at the head of the moderate tory party in England, and upon his impulse and direction it mainly depended. Over all these interests the duke presided with marvellous address; dexterously harmonizing them into energetic action, for the accomplishment of the main object of checking the disturbing ambition of *Louis le Grand*, and humbling his pride by the overthrow of his legions, propelling them in dismay from the Danube to the Rhine, and from the Rhine almost to the gates of Antwerp.

All the great qualities of Marlborough, public and private, had one signal abatement—he was intensely self-seeking. Individual amplification in

some shape, by increase of power, riches, or family alliances, appeared his sole aim. Hence his duplicity, and alleged endeavors to prolong the war needlessly to fill his pockets. The double-dealing he practised towards James II. and his successor is indisputable; but towards the first his conduct admits of extenuation. James himself was a great dissembler, and did his utmost to deceive both Marlborough and the English nation, by the encouragement he gave to Popery under the illusive pretext of universal toleration. In dealing with a detected dissembler dissimulation is allowable; and this was precisely the position in which the duke was placed, ere he transferred his allegiance to the Prince of Orange.

Before joining the prince at Axminster, he addressed a letter to the king, vindicating his defection. Of this letter of Churchill, Mr. Macaulay says it was "written with a certain elevation of language, which was a sure mark that he was going to commit a *baseness*,"—"(*History*," p. 443.) Of course, the historian will hereafter enter fully into the duke's history, but this stigma in passing is too bad. If many eminent private virtues, still more unquestionably the highest intellectual gifts of the warrior and statesman, can give titles to human greatness, Marlborough possessed them. For proof it is sufficient to refer to the concurring testimonials left by Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Lord Chancellor Cowper, and the author of the "Wealth of Nations." * For his duplicity to James we have offered an explanation; but in truth he can hardly be said to have practised deceit towards that "savage bigot," as Macaulay truly paints him. He had never been in favor with the king after his accession, had kept aloof from his court, received no favor from him, and had unreservedly declared to Lord Galway, before the death of Charles II., that if James attempted to change the national religion and constitution he would "instantly quit his service." † At the mesmerism farce of touching for the cure of scrofula in the cathedral of Winchester in 1687, James being alone in the garden with the general, the king said, "Well, Churchill, what do my subjects say about this ceremony of touching in the church?" "Truly," replied Lord Churchill, "they do not approve of it; and it is the general opinion your majesty is paving the way for the introduction of Popery."—(Coxe, *ib.*) This was candid, at any rate. But nobody could stop the Stuart in his mad career.

We have, however, no apology to offer for Churchill's second defection. He deserted James, and then, from pique or disappointed ambition, tried to betray his new master, by opening a clandestine correspondence with the abdicated prince, in order to effect his restoration. This second treason seems to admit of no relief. King William had not, like his predecessor, given just cause for mistrust, or pretext for duplicity. All that the king can be charged with was his natural, if not excusable, preference of his Dutch followers to his English adherents, in the distribution of public emoluments, honors, and offices. Mr. Coxe thinks the duke had no other object in this reactionary movement than to provide impunity and security for himself and possessions in the eventuality of James' restoration; a defence, if defence it be,

more creditable to the duke's prudence than his honor or magnanimity.

Swift has so anathematized Marlborough's avarice that it need not be dwelt upon. It may be easily believed that he begrudged Prince Eugene four candles pending a nocturnal interview; and that he preferred risking his life rather than have a pair of wet stockings cut from his legs, since Spence relates seeing him scramble home on foot from the pump-room at Bath rather than spend sixpence in the hire of a chair. Acquisitiveness, as the phrenologists term it, was the duke's cardinal infirmity. It was this which seduced him into those greedy military exactions, if not peculations, that have deprived an otherwise noble name of half its glory in the estimate of posterity; for there is nothing of which mankind are so intolerant as selfishness in a sordid shape.

Contrary, however, to what is usually observed in the self-engrossed, Marlborough had generous qualities. He was susceptible of friendship and the domestic affections. In poverty, disgrace, and old age, he sheltered under his roof till death the ex-minister Godolphin. Not less honorable to his nature was the chivalrous attachment that subsisted between him and Prince Eugene. The illustrious Savoyard was worthy of his regard, and, next to the duke, was the leading statesman and warrior of his time. Brave as a lion, frank, candid, and conciliatory, he was above all disguise, meanness or perversity. Alike eminent in civil and military affairs, the same ascendancy which Marlborough held in the government of England, Eugene exercised in that of Austria; and together, apart from the sway of the French king, they presided over the destinies of Europe. We are not so sure of Marlborough's devotion to the duchess. That he was uxorious in words to an intense degree his letters attest; but it might be fear as well as love. Another warrior of no ignoble fame is known to have quailed before a termagant. General Monk used to admit that the roar of a whole park of artillery was not so terrible to him as the vituperative ire of the washerwoman's daughter he had ennobled by a nuptial alliance. Even sages of the law have been known to recoil before this dread tribunal; and the late Lord Stowell is understood to have frequently indulged in a digressive dinner in the Temple rather than encounter it.

The irate temper and indiscretion of the duchess were the overthrow of Marlborough, his ministry, and the grand alliance. Her relations with the queen afford one of those common lessons of which every day's history gives an instance—of the perils of success. Sarah could not bear, any more than superior minds, the license of unbridled power. Intoxicated by the exercise of the royal prerogatives, the haughty "viceroy," as she was fitly termed, indulged in such fantastic tyrannies that her benefactress was constrained to rebel. Had the primitive relations of the parties continued, the cordial friendship that had been formed between them might have remained undisturbed, but the accession of Anne opened seductions of authority that the favorite could not withstand, while the jealousy of the queen became awakened by the open and arrogant usurpation of regal functions.

As Miss Jennings, the duchess had been about the court from twelve years of age; like Marlborough, she belonged to a cavalier family of note, that had been impoverished in the civil wars. In the household of the Duchess of York, she was

* "Theory of Moral Sentiments," vol. i., p. 158.

† "Coxe's Memoirs of Marlborough," vol. i., ch. 3.

noticed by the Princess Anne, then three years younger than herself. An affectionate disposition on the part of the princess, and on that of her youthful associate the most captivating vivacity, soon made them inseparable companions. In the irksome dilemma that followed when the princess had to choose between the allegiance and the Popery of her father and her own Protestantism, Lady Churchill was her confidential adviser, and as such, uninterruptedly continued during the subsequent reign of her brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange. So intimate became the union, that the restraints of rank and etiquette were set aside, and at the desire of the princess, they assumed feigned names, Anne adopting that of Mrs. Morley, and Lady Churchill that of Mrs. Freeman, "as most suited," says the duchess—for we always try to pass off our foibles with good names—"to the frankness of her disposition."

In this style of civic equality they continued mutually to address each other after Anne's accession. It doubtless made the intercourse free and easy to both parties, for the maintenance of etiquette is hardly less irksome than its observance; but it was a levelling down pregnant with perils; and, from the characters of the fond pair, that which happened might have been foreseen. Anne was indolent and unambitious; more under the action of the heart or the stomach than of the head. Her favorite was the reverse. The queen's enthronement in consequence became more the enthronement of the Marlboroughs than herself. The ascendancy of the duke might have been tolerated, for his abilities were unrivalled, and the juncture demanded them; but equal claims could not be urged for his partner. She got, however, the lion's share of the regal office, and poor Anne became much less of a sovereign than a servant in her own palace, and an ill-treated servant too.

To the usurpation of royal rights, arrogance in the exercise of them was superadded. Unlike favorites in general, the mistress of the robes was not oily and insinuating in her domination, but abrupt, dictatorial, and contumacious. In performing her offices of duty, such as holding the queen's gloves, the duchess did it, Cunningham says, "with a haughty, contemptuous air." Upon the occasion of an altercation between them relative to the duke, the favorite abruptly commanded her majesty to be silent, lest they should be overheard—indignities these which the queen might endure, owing to the familiarity she had incautiously tolerated, but was not likely to forgive.

At this point, indeed, Sarah's tyranny had reached its climax, and then, as tyrannies are apt to do, fall to pieces under the weight of their unbearableness. In the height of prosperity the Marlboroughs reaped a splendid harvest, £100,000 per annum being the calculated amount of their gains in offices, gifts, and emoluments. Naturally affectionate, the queen could not bear a vacant heart, and somebody or something must fill it. The needful substitute was not far or long to seek. Sarah's arbitrary rule had become too generally offensive not to make many watchful to abate the nuisance and open the queen's eyes, had she not herself become sensible of her degradation. What made the new favorite more distasteful to her predecessor was the fact that she was a creature of her own making and introduction into the world. Mrs. Masham, or Abigail Hill, as first known at court, was a humble retainer and distant relative, whom the duchess had taken up out of charity. Her father had been a

Turkey merchant, but failed and left a large family destitute. In their obscurity the Marlboroughs had lost sight of them, "had forgotten," the duchess says, "their existence;" but apprized of their forlorn state, she resolutely set herself to assist them. For Abigail she got the appointment of *rocker* in the nursery of the Princess Anne, her younger sister being made laundress to the Duchess of Gloucester; and their brothers were not neglected, the eldest, afterwards known to the bottle-men as "honest Jack Hill," she found a tall, ragged boy, whom she clothed and sent to school, and next brought under the notice of Marlborough, who made him his aide-de-camp, and afterwards gave him a regiment, though the duke declared that he was "good for nothing." Bound by such affinities, the duchess could hardly anticipate treason in her own camp. Ample cause of offence she had doubtless given to her royal mistress, but the Hills were not the persons who it might have been expected would, by insidious arts, widen the breach between them. But the ascendancy of the Churchills was undermined by treachery—by the ingrates whom they had cherished and brought out. Harley and St. John, and the other chiefs of the faction that supplanted the duke and reversed his policy, had been his fulsome adulators, and owed to him their first helps to notoriety and office.

Mrs. Masham had advantages, though apparently against her, favorable to her mission. Too lowly in office and pretensions to excite jealousy, she made a substantial progress before she was suspected. The duchess could not expect that the humble dependent she had so markedly favored would aspire to supplant her, though it was exactly the turn Madame Maintenon served her predecessor, Montespan, in the favor of Louis XIV.

Averse to the restraint of constant attendance, the duchess had sought to lighten the fatigues of office by placing a confidential friend near the queen's person, and for a time her relative answered all her expectations, being a faithful and vigilant observer of the transactions of the court. The duchess therefore relaxed still more in her duties, and, proud of her husband's great services, gradually became more presumptuous and domineering. The appointment of her son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, to the secretaryship of state, had been forced upon the queen; but, an apt dissembler, Anne preserved undiminished the appearances of friendship; while the duchess was too lofty in spirit and confident of her sway to think it could be endangered by so inferior an agent as her cousin, whose office and abilities she looked upon with indifference, if not contempt. Confident in her empire, she committed the error ascribed to certain married ladies, in neglecting to preserve their dominion by the same little attentions by which it has been acquired. Abigail was not unobservant of these omissions, nor of the violent altercations that had commenced and were of constant occurrence between the queen and the favorite. By the confidential complaints which frequently burst from the queen, Mrs. Hill found herself growing into consequence, which the candidates for court favor were not slow to perceive, and gradually she aspired to a higher degree of consideration. Besides that suppleness of temper natural to dependents seeking advancement, which formed such a contrast to the dictatorship of the duchess, the political principles of Mrs. Hill, of high church, and aversion to the Hanover family, were in unison with those of the queen. Such congeniality of sentiment, joined to the most flattering

humility and watchful attention to the queen's wishes, enabled her to make a rapid progress in Anne's affections.

Her advances were seconded by Secretary Harley, to whom she was related in the same distant degree as to the duchess, and of whom Harley was also a distant relation. It was this relationship that first introduced him to Marlborough, to whose interest he had been mainly indebted for the speakership of the House of Commons, over which he exercised great influence by his talent for business, conciliating manners, and dexterity in debate. Unlike his patron, Harley was not covetous; in other respects a Joseph Surface, well calculated to win his way through the crooked paths of political intrigue. He had hitherto figured as a whig or tory, as it suited his interests; and, under the guise of moderation, had gradually acquired a considerable body of adherents, to whom his parliamentary abilities gave strength and consistency. To great plausibility and adroitness in flattery, he added uncommon discernment of character, a cool and calculating head, profound dissimulation, and an exterior of familiarity, courtesy, and candor, which deceived the most wary. Marlborough, open and unsuspicious, was so won by these qualities, that when Harley was accused of duplicity, he became a pledge for his sincerity, and advised Godolphin to employ his influence with the queen. Knowing the tory partialities of Anne, her growing dislike of the duchess, and her anxiety for peace to free herself from whig thralldom, the secretary skilfully formed an attack against the chiefs of the ministry. By his own official access to the court, and still more through the channel of Mrs. Hill, he found means to inflame the queen's indignation against the duchess, to work on her high prerogative notions, and to represent the treasurer and general as favoring the design of the whigs, by the monopoly of offices, to reduce her to a state of dependence unworthy of a sovereign. At the same time the artful secretary fomented the discontent of the whigs against Godolphin and the duke, by insinuating that the two ministers were lukewarm in their cause, and the only obstacle to their advances in power.

Plotters naturally disguise most carefully their designs from those most affected by them, and who are, of course, the last to suspect or discover them. This was exemplified in Harley's intrigues. None of the Triumvirs suspected the pit he was digging for them. For a long time the duchess refused to listen to the friendly representations of Maynwaring on the rising influence of Mrs. Hill, but expressed her joy at the relief she had given her, and was convinced no danger could arise from the machinations of her relation. At length the evident favor of Harley and Hill with the queen dissipated the impression, and she communicated her apprehensions to Godolphin and the duke. It is surprising that the cabal had escaped the matured sagacity of the lord-treasurer, and still more that of Marlborough, who was acquainted with the secrets of all the courts of Europe, except his own, in which he was most interested. It is still more extraordinary that, after being informed of the predominance of the new favorite, the duke should think that her progress could be checked by a remonstrance of the duchess. He evidently mistook the altered position of his partner, that she was the chief enemy against whom the plot was directed, and from whom counsel, of course, would not be taken. The attempt, however, was made; the duchess not

only remonstrating with her cousin, but assailing Anne with reproaches for suffering her political antipathies to be inflamed by the insinuations of a dependent, who conversed only with Jacobites and disaffected Tories. The queen replied in a cajoling epistle, in which real sarcasm was mixed with affected humility, and deprecating harsh constructions; "for," said she, "I would not have any one hardly thought of by my dear Mrs. Freeman for your poor unfortunate, but ever faithful Morley's notions or actions."

If the duchess could have penetrated hearts, she would already have found that her fate was sealed. That which the new advisers labored unceasingly to impress upon the queen was that she was in "leading strings," and that she ought to "go alone;" which disparaging intimations naturally sank deep into the mind of one not over confident of her powers, and of course suspicious of any semblance of external support. But though the sway of the duchess was irrevocably doomed, it seems to have been determined to lighten the oppression of the viceroy by degrees, and not to rouse her ire, and thereby frustrate ulterior designs by too abrupt or manifest demonstration.

The first unmistakable sign of rebellion was the secret marriage of the new favorite with Mr. Masham, whom the duchess had likewise introduced into the royal household. This match, concluded without her privity, in the presence of the queen, was a thunderstroke of evidence. No reason has been assigned for the concealment of the marriage of Mrs. Hill, except that her husband was a relation of Mr. Harley. But to solemnize it without consulting the duchess, evinced that Mrs. Masham had not only renounced her vassalage, but had acquired the highest degree of confidence. On the first intelligence of the nuptials, the duchess burst into the royal presence, upbraiding the queen with bitter reproaches, which were the more provoking because partly just. The mortifying replies of Anne, who warmly vindicated the favorite, imputing it to the fear of offending, inflamed still further her rage, and from this period any hope of cordial reconciliation was abandoned, and their intercourse became one of dissembled humility or acrimonious resentment.

In this emergency Marlborough and Godolphin acted with dignity, but without address and decision. They neither resolved to join cordially with the whigs, and, by their assistance, to crush the rising cabal, nor did they yield to the prevailing disposition of the queen, and coalesce with the Tories. "They continued," says Coxe, "to maintain their moderate but imprudent principle, to be swayed by neither party," and childishly endeavored to alarm the queen with threats of resignation, which, like the cry of the "wolf," had been too often repeated to produce the desired effect.

Meanwhile the war had not been more auspicious to the ministry than domestic politics, and the paucity of stirring incidents in 1707 presented a contrast to the glittering throng of achievements that signalized the campaigns of Blenheim and Ramillies. It arose, however, from no failures of the duke, but he was mastered by adverse circumstances. France had rallied, as she is wont to do, after great reverses, in an extraordinary manner, and presented on every side an undismayed front. One of her best generals she had pitted against Marlborough in Flanders, and so cleverly did the Frenchman take up his defensive positions, that the duke could never get a blow at him. Vendôme

was the most skilful of the enemy's tacticians, and managed the movements of his brigades like a game on the chessboard. The cautious resolves of the Dutch deputies too were in his favor; they had obtained their chief object—a strong barrier against French aggression—and were determined to risk no more hazardous battles. Indeed, the grand alliance was in heart already dissolved; it was no longer united for a common object, and each member of the confederacy was (England excepted) intent on some separate interest. Under such altered conditions, the reverses and shortcomings of the year may be easily explained; and of which the most signal were the failure of the enterprise against Toulon, and the entire defeat of the Anglo-Spanish army at Almanza.

Both at home and abroad the less brilliant course of Marlborough was mainly caused by the recreancy of allies. On the continent, his masterly schemes were crippled by Dutch councils, or the jealousies and backwardness of Bavaria, Hanover, or other members of the confederacy. In England, his brother, Admiral Churchill, a Jacobite-tory, was a frequent source of annoyance, either from sheer imprudence, or direct hostility, and coupled with the perversity of Sunderland, and the wilfulness of his duchess, made his family troubles extremely perplexing, exclusive of Harley's intrigues, and the somewhat wavering support of Godolphin, and his whig colleagues. Overpowered at length by his representations, joined by those of the treasurer, of the double dealings of Harley, the queen was reluctantly constrained to accept the secretary's resignation. But this put no check to his wiles, his back-stair influence continuing unabated, and the cabal did not relax in their schemes for the emancipation of the queen by the humiliation of the Marlboroughs. Anne had already begun to display her independence, by the pertinacious appointment of tory bishops, in defiance of her usual advisers. Her next move was still less equivocal. The death of Lord Essex had vacated two military preferments, that of lieutenant of the tower, and a regiment, both of which were usually bestowed at the recommendation of the commander-in-chief. Without consulting him, the queen gave the first to Lord Rivers, and the regiment to Colonel Hill, the brother of Mrs. Masham. Tame submission to these slights would have lowered the duke in the opinion of the army, and he respectfully remonstrated with the queen, but Anne listened to him with indifference, and said drily and peremptorily, "You will do well to advise with your friends." Ascribing this rebuff to its real cause, the influence of the favorite, Marlborough, in the first impulse of his resentment, withdrew with the duchess from London, without the usual ceremony of taking leave, and the fixed resolution to resign, unless Mrs. Masham was removed. From his retirement at Windsor Lodge, he forwarded a representation to the queen, of the mortifications he had received, the abuse that had been heaped upon him by the favorite, and her interference in military promotion, concluding, "I hope your majesty will dismiss her or myself."

Had Marlborough remained firm in his resolve to remove Mrs. Masham, all might have been well, for so long as she continued at court, the confidential agent of Harley with the queen, she would always find means to give effect to his subtle contrivances for the embarrassment of the ministers. But the duke yielded the main point and accepted a compromise. At a private interview, the lord

president, Somers, having forcibly represented to the queen the injury to public affairs, should the duke persist in his threat of resignation, Anne expressed her intention not to insist on the disposal of the vacant regiment to Colonel Hill, conferring upon him in lieu a pension of £1,000. After this concession, the principal whigs held a meeting at Devonshire House, and, reluctant to hazard the permanence of the ministry, arrived at the conclusion that this sacrifice on the part of the queen ought to satisfy Marlborough; and that for him to persist in the dismissal of the queen's bedchamber woman would be ungracious if not unconstitutional. In this conclusion, the duke, after some demur, acquiesced, since he had no desire, any more than Somers, Godolphin, and the rest of his colleagues, (with the exception of Sunderland,) to coerce the queen into any repulsive alternative. The usual consequences of half-measures followed—a temporary convenience at the price of aggravated future mischief. The design to remove the favorite, offended the queen as much as if it had been enforced, and the abandonment of it only apprized her of the discordance in the ministry, of whose control she became more resolved than ever to free herself. On the part of Mrs. Masham, she was fully awakened to the danger she had so narrowly escaped, and with increased ardor inflamed the resentment of Anne, to destroy the power that she was fearful might be turned against her with greater effect. Harley was prompt to seize these auspicious aspects, coupled with the other conditions favorable to his grand aim, resulting from the change in popular opinion, occasioned by the less dazzling results of the war, and the impolitic course adopted by the impeachment of the contemptible incendiary, Sacheverel. Another fatal consequence of Marlborough's compromise was, that it increased the coolness between him and the whigs. He found that he could not depend on their vigorous support, except where their own interests were concerned, and they, sensible of his coolness and of his decline in royal favor, together with his duchess, began to listen to a party likely to be predominant, and which they did not choose to offend.

The duke's subsequent career was a series of mortifications. The first and most fatal was the dismissal of the duchess, after twenty-seven years of royal service. This would have appeared ungrateful, had it not been palliated, if not justified, by circumstances. The Marlboroughs had absorbed the majesty of the throne, and exercised directly, or through relatives and dependents, all its prerogatives. Intoxicated by success, this over-topping family had become arrogant and tyrannical. One of the leading steps to emancipation was, to plant a new favorite in the heart of the queen, and this lodgment had been dexterously effected by the seduction of a rebel-vassal of the Churchill confederacy. After this acquisition, ulterior proceedings became easy, and the steadiness with which the queen lent herself to the successive blows, intended to humiliate an oppressive ascendancy, evinced the deep sense to which she had been awakened of her past thralldom. Her last interview with the duchess is, of course, generally known from the narrative of Coxe, but is so interesting that it will bear repetition.

Both the duke and his wife, foreseeing an end to their reign, had with characteristic prudence, sought to provide for the future, the former having made the unusual request to the queen, to be appointed captain-general for life; and the latter had

solicited, in the event of her resignation, that her own daughters should succeed to her offices. The first application was objected to on constitutional grounds, and to the second the queen returned an evasive answer. It was to clear up this last point, as well as to disabuse Anne of some reports, alleged to have been circulated by the duchess to the queen's prejudice, that the former sought an interview with the queen.

On the third of April, 1710, (says Coxe,) she waited on the queen, and solicited a private audience, for the purpose of making some important communication before her majesty quitted London for the summer. The request was, however, received with the most repulsive coldness. She named in vain three several hours in which she knew the queen was accustomed to be alone, and at length was told to present herself at six in the ensuing evening, the time which was usually set apart for the royal devotions.

Unwilling, however, to be importuned with so disagreeable a visitor, the queen retracted, and not only ordered the duchess to make her communication in writing, but hinted that she might immediately gratify the inclination she had expressed of returning into the country. Notwithstanding this ungracious repulse, the duchess renewed her solicitations, and declined imparting the subject of her application by letter. The queen therefore was obliged to appoint a new time, but before it arrived, again deferred the interview, under the plea of dining at Kensington, and repeated her desire for a written communication. On this second refusal, the duchess wrote a letter requesting permission to repair to Kensington, and declaring that the information she was about to afford related solely to her own vindication, and would neither give rise to any misunderstanding, nor oblige the queen to make an answer, or admit her oftener than was agreeable.

On the same day she went to Kensington without waiting for a reply. The queen had just dined, and no one being in waiting to announce her, she asked the page of the backstairs if he did not occasionally make a signal at the queen's door to apprize her when any person was to be introduced. The page replying in the affirmative, she requested him to make the usual sign, and sat down in the window, she says, "like a Scotch lady with a petition, expecting an answer." After a long interval, which she conjectures was employed in consulting Mrs. Masham, she was admitted.

On her entrance the queen evinced some embarrassment, and said to her, "I was just going to write to you," and as the duchess was preparing to speak, interrupted her by observing that, "Whatever you have to say you may put it in writing." The duchess however remonstrated against such cruel treatment, and urged the justice of hearing her reply to the calumnies with which she had been assailed. She added, "There are those about your majesty who have charged me with saying things that I am no more capable of than I am of killing my own children; for I seldom mention your majesty in company, then always with respect." During this address the queen contemptuously turned aside, and replied briefly, "There are many lies told." The duchess requesting to know the particulars with which she was charged, the queen alluded to the expression in her letter, that she did not wish for a reply, and several times interrupted her with the exclamation, "I will give you no answer." Notwithstanding further solicitations she still continued to repeat the same words, adding at last, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." The duchess proceeding, "I am confident your majesty would not treat me with such harshness if you could believe that my only wish is to do myself justice, and not to ask a

favor;" the queen moved towards the door, impatiently exclaiming, "I will quit the room."

The duchess followed and burst into a flood of tears. The queen appeared to be affected, and the duchess after a pause to recover from her emotion, proceeded to recapitulate the reports spread to her disadvantage, and implored her majesty to state the particulars without naming the authors. The queen replied as before, "You said you desired no answer, and I shall give you none." The duchess, however, continued her vindication with great warmth and volubility. The queen heard her sullenly for some minutes, and then rejoined, "I shall make no answer to anything you say." Notwithstanding this repulse the duchess asked, "Will then your majesty make me some answer at any other time?" She received only the same reply, and in the agony of indignation, after a second flood of tears, more violent than the former, she said, "You know, madame, how much I despised my interest in comparison with your service, and you may be assured that I would never deny anything which I was aware was true, conscious as I am that I have done nothing to displease you." She could, however, only extort the former reply, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." Perceiving it fruitless to persist, she made her obeisance, and exclaimed with a degree of violence, which she herself does not attempt to justify, "I am confident that you will suffer in this world or the next for so much inhumanity." The queen was roused to indignation by this unprepared insult, and replying, "That is my business," withdrew into the closet.

The pertinacious duchess, still unsatisfied, lingered for more last words. After quitting the royal presence she sat down in a long gallery to wipe away her tears and compose her agitation. She then returned to the closet and scratched at the door; and, when the queen opened it, said, "As I sat in the gallery I thought your majesty would not be easy to see me when you come to the castle at Windsor, whither I understand you are shortly to remove. Should that be the case, I will refrain from going to the lodge, that I may not be charged with a want of respect for omitting to pay my duty to your majesty when so near." To this the queen quickly replied, as if anxious to be freed from her visitor, "You may if you please come to see me at the castle; it will give me no uneasiness."

The spell was broken. From this time all personal intercourse between Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman ceased, after a further abortive effort next day on the part of the latter to renew it. Anne rejoiced in her liberty as freed from a tyrannical gouvernante, and the favorite became as much an object of aversion as she had once been of affection. The duchess had been the key-stone of the arch, and, so far as it rested on the royal will, her fall involved in the sequel that of the duke, Godolphin, and the entire ministry. Mr. Harley, however, was too wary to attempt over much at once, and having a powerful foe to combat with an inferior force, his tactics were not to unmask his entire design or risk a general engagement, but master and strengthen one position at a time.

The next step in advance was the appointment of the Duke of Shrewsbury to the office of lord chamberlain, without the knowledge, or even the suspicion, of any member of the ministry. Shrewsbury was in himself a host, and in the promotion of no other could Harley have more evinced his consummate craftiness. From the part Shrewsbury had taken in the revolution, he was looked upon as a whig, but thinking that settlement precarious, he had latterly kept up friendly relations with both parties, and only took decidedly the part of Harley and his partisans on being assured of the ascend-

ency of Mrs. Masham. Although of a timid, versatile, and interested temper, he was deemed a man of honor and probity, and incapable of acting a double part. King William used to say of him that he was the only minister that pleased both whig and tory, and his general suavity of manners had made him so popular, that he was designated the "King of Hearts." The grasping monopoly of the Marlboroughs it is likely determined him, as many others, to enter the lists against them. The indecision of Godolphin made him acquiesce in this appointment, though made without consulting him; it showed that he was a safe subject for a victim himself; but his dismissal was preceded by that of Sunderland. If anything could aggravate the insult offered to the whigs by the removal of Sunderland, it was the appointment of a zealous high churchman, Lord Dartmouth, his successor. The untractable temper of Sunderland had alienated from him some of his own party; but he was a nobleman of great firmness and public spirit, and, on being offered a pension, had the manliness to declare that if he could not serve his country he would not plunder it!

The dismissal of the lord treasurer consummated the dissolution of the ministry. Of all the queen's servants, Godolphin had borne his honors most meekly; but more than any of his colleagues he seems to have been removed with the least regret or ceremony. Anne, indeed, in parting with her confidential advisers, seems to have indulged in a secret, not to say spiteful, satisfaction, by practising towards them a needless and contemptuous dissimulation. Barely a few hours before his removal, the lord treasurer had had an audience of the queen, when he categorically put the question, "Is it the will of your majesty that I should go on?" Anne replied, without hesitation, "Yes." With this answer the minister was satisfied and withdrew. Next morning he was surprised by a note, brought by a servant in the royal livery, and left with his porter, directing him to break his staff of office. Like Marlborough, Godolphin had been bred in courts, but had not, in an equal degree, been corrupted by them. His financial government was subjected to a severe parliamentary scrutiny, after the accession of Harley to the premiership, but nothing could be established against him tending to impeach the integrity of his administration. He was exemplary for his love of truth, amiability, and disinterestedness. After an anxious and toilsome official life, he died poor, leaving hardly enough to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Anne was the first to announce to Marlborough the dismissal of his friend. When it was too late, the ministry discovered their error. With the ablest soldier in Europe to command them, they had suffered themselves to be out-generalled—to be cut off in detail. After the dismissal of the treasurer, no post was left worth defending, and the remaining ministers made a voluntary surrender of their places. The duke only was sought to be retained, his influence on the continent, and military abilities, making a longer continuance of his services desirable to the new ministry. But his yielding to the solicitations used for this purpose only reserved him for fresh insults. Like the rest of his colleagues, his removal had been resolved upon, and only waited the fit opportunity. Indeed, the conclusion of the war, which was the ultimate aim of the tories, as the best means of strengthening their position, and weakening that of their adversaries, was hopeless, so long as Marlborough con-

tinued to hold his employment. Hostilities had been to him the source of his fame, his power, and vast riches, and that he would forego these for the sake of peace, neither consisted with his innate selfishness, nor his antecedent manifestation. Peace offered to him no seduction, no more than to his great companion in victory, Prince Eugene; it was not their occupation, and no toper was more pertinaciously addicted to another bottle, than the two warriors to another battle or campaign. It was this passion that had doubtless prompted the humiliating terms offered to France by the two commanders in the fourth year of the war. Wisely then acted ministers in not trusting pacific overtures to Marlborough, but, without consulting him, confiding the negotiation to Lord Halifax.

It was only one among a number of annoyances to which, about this time, he was subjected. Mr. Cresset was sent on a secret mission to Hanover, the object of which was concealed from him. Although ostensibly at the head of the army, he had no longer exclusive control over its operations, but was liable to be thwarted in his plans by the intervention of a secret council. Three officers, whom he highly esteemed, were, unknown to him, abruptly dismissed on account of a convivial toast they had drunk, honorable to himself and disparaging to the ministry.

The duke's diminished influence was certainly not without reason; except to himself the war had become objectless, profitless, and hopeless. The last great battle, that of Malplaquet, was pregnant with fearful recollections. In valor, science, and conduct, the combatants had been equal, but the results of the "murderous conflict," as Marlborough termed it, bore no proportion to its magnitude, and, in looking over the ensanguined field, the duke himself sickened at the useless waste of life, (Coxe's "Memoirs," p. 70.) Owing to the strength of their position, the French suffered less than the allies, though beaten and forced to retire. In England there was no exultation over so equivocal a triumph, especially when it was found that the capture of the paltry town of Mons would be the only prize of so costly a sacrifice. The victory, however, had one advantage, in giving rise to a more fixed desire for peace on both sides, from the hopelessness of entire mastery by either. France, though repeatedly beaten, and her own frontier in Flanders wrested from her grasp, appeared exhaustless in resources, and after every reverse was ready to renew the contest with unabated spirit. All, therefore, became impressed with the futile character of the war, and the desirableness of terminating the uncompensated slaughter of brave men, and the waste of the resources of every European nation. In privately entering upon a separate treaty with the common enemy, before the main object of the alliance, namely, the exclusion of a Bourbon from the Spanish throne, had been attained, England has been accused of treachery; but many circumstances may be alleged in extenuation of the peace of Utrecht. The burden of the war had been unfairly thrown on England, by the allies, having long failed to contribute their stipulated quotas for carrying it on. The object of the war itself had changed during its progress. In consequence of the death of the Emperor Joseph, and the election of his brother, the Archduke Charles, to succeed him, the consolidation of the Spanish monarchy with the empire had become as perilous to the balance of power, as the union of the crowns of France and Spain. But even against

this last contingency, both Spain and France offered guarantees by a solemn renunciation on the part of Philip and his grandfather Louis XIV., of the junction of the two crowns under one head. By the last settlement the danger was averted, though the nominal principle of the grand alliance was thereby abandoned. But as a conclusive inducement to peace, it had been clearly ascertained that a French, not an Austrian prince, was the choice of the Spanish people.

Marlborough denounced the terms of the treaty as ruinous to Europe, by leaving Spain and the West Indies to the Bourbons. But his name was no longer a tower of strength, nor his voice potential. His opposition was ascribed to personal motives. Up to the present he had continued to act with his new colleagues, Harley and St. John, with much apparent cordiality, but no real sincerity on either side; but as they were necessary to each other, both were content to dissemble. The inducements of the duke to amity were threefold—his continued direction of the war—the renewal of the treasury warrants, which had been stopped, for the completion of the works at Blenheim—and the aid of the ministry to screen him from the accusations that a committee of inquiry had prepared against him. The last included grave imputations, which were pressed against him with bitterness and some unfairness by the House of Commons. That he had made an indirect emolument in the bread contract for the army, and had received a deduction from the pay of the foreign troops in the queen's service, could not be denied; but they were perquisites to the generalissimo sanctioned by usage. His predecessors had done the same. His magnanimity would doubtless have been greater, had he shunned or checked undoubted abuse by a better example, instead of following it; but sordidness was the infirmity of his nature. The duchess shared his weakness, and in this respect the congeniality between them was wonderful. Like him she was accused of peculation in the robe department, and the sale of court-places. Her defence showed she had not been officially worse than others; but "cheating," as the queen remarked, "was not the fault of the duchess," though her meanness was unquestionable. In the hey-day of their friendship, Anne had lavishly offered her a pension of £2000 a year out of her privy purse, which she then refused to accept; but after their rupture she reminded the queen of her offer, and sought and obtained the full amount as arrears. Compelled, after her dismissal, to relinquish her apartments in the palace, she tore off the locks placed on the doors at her expense, removed the marble slabs from the fire-places, and threw away the keys, saying, "they might buy more for ten shillings." Well might Anne exclaim, on hearing of these petulant dilapidations, that "she would build no house for the duke, since the duchess had pulled hers to pieces." This resolution was kept, and the monumental pile of Blenheim had to be finished out of the private revenues of Marlborough.

For a long period both parties had hesitated to proceed to extremities. The duchess ceased her personal attendance on the queen, but did not resign, nor was she dismissed from her employments. For this reserve reasons existed on both sides. The duchess was loth to give up all hope of a return to favor, and through the medium of Sir David Hamilton, the royal physician, continued to address such reminiscences of her former connexion with the queen as appeared likely to appease or avert her

resentment. To prove to the world she was not wholly in disgrace, she offered on one occasion to renew her attendance, by assisting to try on the robes which the queen had ordered for some public ceremony. This advance her majesty evaded, but did not openly reject, from apprehension of the violent temper of the duchess. That which Anne most dreaded was the publication of her private letters; those tender and confidential epistles that had been addressed to Mrs. Freeman in the fulness of confidence and affection. In this perplexity the queen was reduced alternately to soothe and threaten the discarded favorite, and resorted to the aid of Hamilton, as well as other persons, to obtain the suppression of her unguarded effusions. The duchess long continued inexorable, and held in *terrorem* the threat of publicity; but this last outrage against her benefactress seems to have been averted by the intervention of Shrewsbury and Maynwaring.

The catastrophe was only postponed. At the close of the campaign of 1710, the duke returned to England. The charge of peculation had not then been published, and the populace gathered round his carriage, exclaiming, "God bless the Duke of Marlborough!" "No wooden shoes!" "No Popery!" To avoid an uproar he went to Montague House, and, after waiting till the crowd had dispersed, repaired privately in a hackney-chair to the palace. His first interview with the queen was a mere audience of ceremony, and the weather, the roads, and the fatigue of his journey formed the common-place topics. At the next there was less reserve; and Anne, with unusual decision and even harshness, intimated her wish that he would not suffer any vote of thanks to him to be moved in Parliament this year. His reception from her ministers was not much more gracious. Harley was more reserved than usual, and with Mr. Secretary St. John he had to listen to a political lecture, delivered with much affectation of candor, on the superior advantages of the duke's present connexions, to his former one with the whigs. But these indignities were trifles to the great evil he had anticipated, the disgrace of his duchess. To avert this blow was the object of his anxious solicitude, especially as he had publicly announced, long before, that her removal would be the signal of his own resignation. His friends, both at home and abroad, wished him to retain his post notwithstanding, and ministers were not yet prepared to lose him. In this struggle of contending passions and interests the duke's health suffered; and to shorten suspense or avert the threatened mortification, Shrewsbury recommended him to try the effect of his own personal solicitations with the queen before the key was delivered. The juncture seemed favorable, as at the moment a note arrived from Sir David Hamilton, recommending the attempt without delay, and stating how he had prepared the way by telling the queen "how ill my lord duke was, how deeply grieved about the affair—that his expectation is from the queen's compassion to the duchess," &c., &c.

The audience ensued, and extraordinary it was. Marlborough began by presenting a letter to Anne from the duchess, couched in very humble terms. It began with stating "that the duke could not live six months if some end was not put to his misery on her (the duchess's) account; that she was really very sorry that she had ever done anything to make her majesty uneasy; that she knew there were only two things in her whole life that she ever did that

were disagreeable, and that she would never again mention them, or do anything that could give her the least disturbance." This contrite appeal was coolly received, and for a considerable time the queen refused to open it; at the importunities of the duke she at last read it, but only observed, "I cannot change my resolution."

Marlborough, says Coxe, then addressed her in the most moving terms, and besought her not to renounce the duchess till she had no more need of his services, which he hoped would be the case in less than a year, by the termination of the war, when both might retire together. He dwelt on all the topics likely to recover her affection towards her former favorite and towards himself. He expatiated on the regret and sorrow of his wife for any mistakes she had ever committed, and her willingness to avoid every act or discourse which might render her majesty uneasy for the future. He concluded with observing, "For your own sake as well as for ours, your majesty ought not to adopt a harsher proceeding than any prince ever used towards persons of less faithful and long continued services, who had been guilty of greater faults, when pardon was requested, and a formal promise of amendment made. Still more would it reflect on your generosity to deny so trifling an indulgence to one who has been honored by your friendship, and has given no substantial cause for so harsh a proceeding." The queen having rejoined that her honor was interested in the removal of the duchess, he respectfully observed, "What this expression means I never could learn, any more than what faults she has committed." She, however, far from listening to his representations, peremptorily insisted that the gold key should be delivered to her within three days. On this the duke threw himself on his knees, and, with the most moving eloquence, earnestly entreated for an interval of ten days, to concert some means of rendering the blow less mortifying and disgraceful. But he obtained no other answer than a positive repetition of the demand, limiting the term to the shorter space of two days.

Finding the queen inexorable, he rose, and, turning the conversation, adverted to the mortification which he had experienced by the dismissal of the three officers for drinking his health. But this topic was no less galling than the preceding, and she abruptly broke off the conversation, exclaiming, "I will talk of no other business till I have the key." He still lingered, though the audience had lasted an hour, but finding no prospect of softening his royal mistress he took his leave with the deepest emotions of indignation and sorrow.

In this singular scene one is somewhat at a loss at which to be most indignant—the sullen obstinacy of the queen, or the humiliating supplication of the duke for mercy. It was the most disastrous of all Marlborough's fields, yet he seems to have contested his suit with the same tenacity that he would a battle, and with hardly less science. The appeal to compassion by a preliminary sickness, duly reported to the sovereign—entering the royal presence with a deprecatory epistle from the duchess—protestations of conscious innocence, with fervent promises for future amendment—and when these had failed, the final *coup-de-main* of the hero on his knees, present a union of tact and combination scarcely inferior to those displayed in his most famous campaigns. Still we must repeat, that both the style of performance and its result are painful to contemplate. The idol bowed to was only of clay; for Anne was an ordinary person, who, in the part she acted, except in the indulgence of a fierce resentment against those who had abused the easiness of her nature, was a mere puppet, the

wires of which were pulled by Harley, St. John, and Mrs. Masham. No doubt the prize contended for was great, the duchess being the duke's trump card, and had he succeeded in reinstating her, by his last desperate effort, all the ground lost would have been recovered. But the queen proved immovable, and the Marlboroughs, finding the game up, assumed in turn an air of offended dignity by delivering up the key the same night.

Despite of his disgraceful repulse, Marlborough did not redeem his pledge by resigning. Overcome by the persuasions of his friends, his own love of power, or baser motives, he clung to office till he was fairly kicked out. For this last mortification the charge of speculation afforded ample opportunity, and enabled his bitterest enemies to wreak upon him their utmost vengeance. It reduced the hero to the dead lion, whom any one might insult with impunity. On the same or following day he appeared at court, but was treated with marked contempt.* Without waiting for further investigation of the charges, which were afterwards proved in the most material parts to be false, the ministry profited by the impression which they conceived the commissioners' report had made on the public mind. The victim had been prepared, and there was no danger in the sacrifice. That the queen might enjoy the full gratification of her triumph, she was induced to appear at a cabinet council, and order an entry to be made in the books that the duke had been dismissed from all his employments. The next day she communicated this minute to him in a note in her own hand, which is not extant, because the duke, in a transport of indignation, threw it into the fire.

The remainder of Marlborough's life was a succession of vexations. Glory he had won, but the pecuniary taint made men begrudge him its accustomed rewards. In the House of Lords he was exposed to the cruel aspersion that he had, in reckless enterprises, sacrificed the lives of his officers, to fill his pockets by the sale of their commissions. The press was bitterly hostile to him; both he and Godolphin had too much neglected to tune the crowd of writers who began to give a new impulse to the direction of the national sentiment. The consequence was a rapid increase of that prejudice which had been excited against the general, and a contempt of those victories which had before been hailed with universal enthusiasm. Instances were everywhere repeated of his fraud, avarice, and extortion; of his insolence, ambition, and misconduct. Even his courage was called in question, and this consummate leader was represented as the lowest of mankind. From this storm of libels he sought refuge on the continent. Here, too, he encountered proofs of ingratitude. For saving Austria from ruin by his victories in 1705, he had been created a prince of the empire, with the territory of Mindelheim annexed; but after the peace of Utrecht the principality was resumed by the Elector of Bavaria. Marlborough could never obtain from the emperor any indemnity for his loss. The accession of the Hanover family did not mend his fortunes in England. George I. made him captain-general of the army, but did not include him in the regency government, a share in which Marlborough had expected. A successful venture in the South Sea bubble was the chief set-off to the vexations of his latter days' afflictions; having speculated

* The Duke of Marlborough appeared at court, and no one spoke to him.—*Swift's Journal to Stella*.

largely, and sold out, at the suggestion of his duchess, at the first turn of the market, he thereby made a considerable addition to his immense wealth. Frequent attacks of paralysis, aggravated by domestic bereavements, from the premature deaths of his daughters, made up the sequel of a history that had been gallant and chivalrous in the commencement, splendid in its meridian glory, but futile, perplexed, and unhonored in conclusion.

Thus Marlborough failed to realize the most enviable climax to a triumphant life. It was not intellectual defects, or prudential weaknesses, that obscured his fame and shipwrecked his happiness, but yielding to dominant passions. Too exclusively self-seeking, it deprived him of the magnanimity of soul inseparable from true heroism. Absorbed in the pursuits of ambition and avarice, they perverted his course into ignoble ways. Hence the treasonable arts and duplicity that attach to his memory—the inconsistency of his political predilections—the meanness with which he clung to office after repeated indignities—and the ignominious concessions by which he sought to regain his lost influence—together with his disregard, if not contempt of literature, and every generous aspiration unconnected with the acquisition of money and power.

His history is associated with other incidents not unworthy of note, and which help to explain the qualified admiration identified with his name. Examples are constantly occurring in human affairs, of men not only being the instruments of evil, but its punishment. Napoleon's life is an example of these twofold missions, effectually laying the anarchy of France by replacing it with an hardly less revolting military domination. In like manner Harley and St. John rendered useful services in Queen Anne's reign, but perverted their success to unworthy uses. By supplanting one royal favorite by another, the country was rescued from an exhausting war, the queen emancipated from an odious subjection, and the ascendancy acquired by an engrossing family over a generous princess, abated. But here their utilities ended. As conquerors are wont, they quarrelled over the spoils of victory. Like the Girondists and Jacobins in the overthrow of the French monarchy, or more aptly, perhaps, like Robespierre and Danton, in the destruction of the Hebertists and Cordeliers, they had no sooner overwhelmed the common enemy in the Marlboroughs than they became jealous of each other, and bitter competitors in their intrigues to engross the displaced usurpation. Secretary St. John had insinuated himself into the confidence of Lady Masham, whom Oxford had offended by the refusal of a pension, and sought to convert the former confederate of his rival into an instrument of his disgrace. The queen inclined to the more bold and plausible course of St. John, especially as the supple secretary had not hesitated to join in her dislike of the Hanover family and preference of her brother, the Pretender. For a moment Bolingbroke appeared to have reached the height of his ambition, by the fall of his opponent. But the sudden death of the queen made his triumph short-lived, and frustrated, by the promptitude of the whigs in consummating the Protestant settlement, all his wiles, either for the restoration of the Stuarts, or the perpetuation of his power under the Electoral dynasty.

Anne, less fortunate than Queen Elizabeth, had not the happiness, during her reign, of a firm, honest, and enlightened statesman to direct her

councils. Godolphin, who served her longest, could hardly pretend to this description; the rest were parasites or adventurers bent on selfish ends, through the infirmities of her character. Their broils hastened her majesty's death. Oxford and Bolingbroke had become so exasperated against each other, that they could not refrain from the most violent altercations in the royal presence. After an indecorous scene of this kind, the queen's feelings were so excited that she declared "she should never survive it." Her presentiment was just; for two days after she sank into a stupor, from which she only recovered sufficiently to signify her approval of the nomination of Shrewsbury, by the council, to the vacant treasurership. After this effort she expired.

The tenacious Duchess of Marlborough outlived her mistress twenty-eight years, and her lord twenty-two; not dying till 1744, at the advanced age of eighty-four. She survived all her children, except the youngest, the Duchess of Montague. Her desolation brought no alteration in her character, nor abated the least her worldly sympathies. To the last she continued a vehement politician; in place of Harley and St. John, Sir Robert Walpole and the queen of George II. became the fixed objects of her hate and vituperation. Next to politics, her most constant passion was the desire to heap up—acre upon acre, and thousand upon thousand. The widow of Marlborough had £40,000 per annum; but that was not enough to satisfy her cravings. She baited the minister with complaints and petitions about a paltry salary of a few hundreds, to which she thought herself entitled, as Ranger of Windsor Park. At the age of eighty she went into the city to bid for Lord Yarmouth's estate.

As the darkened day drew nigh, she was fain to be contented to amuse herself by writing in bed. In that shackled position she penned, or dictated, an account of her first coming to court. She frequently spoke six hours a day, in giving directions to Hooke, her amanuensis. Next she had recourse to a chamber organ, the eight tunes of which, Mrs. Thompson says, "she was obliged to think much better than going to the opera or an assembly." Society afforded her little pleasure. Like many disappointed or discontented persons, she became attached to animals, especially to her dogs, which she fancied had virtues in which human beings are deficient. Nothing can more completely show her disgust and weariness of life than her own confession. "It is impossible," she writes, in 1737, "that one of my age and infirmities can live long; and one great happiness that there is in death is, that one shall never hear of anything they do in this world." She was a woman of great natural shrewdness and vigor of will, but of ignoble preferences, and not eminent for moral worth, or great intellectual gifts and culture.

The Young Christian. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is volume first of Abbott's well known Young Christian series, very greatly improved and enlarged. There is little need of saying anything in its favor, for it has long been among the fireside books of the land. Its main design is to enforce the practice and not to discuss the theory of religion. Its object is simply to explain and illustrate Christian duty, exhibiting this duty however as based on those great fundamental principles of faith, in which all evangelical Christians concur.—*N. Y. Courier.*

From the Examiner, 18th Oct.

THE KNOT IN FRENCH AFFAIRS.

To talk of the present unparalleled entanglement in French politics as a crisis is to talk beside the fact. France has been in a state of chronic crisis for the last four years, and the present is the crisis of the crisis, or, to coin a word for the occasion, the hypercrisis. Yet in the aspect of the French public there are few traces of the care and anxiety which might be expected at such a juncture. The sense of insecurity is universal, but it is accompanied with little uneasiness. People enjoy themselves as usual, and use the present moment as all they can count upon. No new engagements are made, no arrangements in the nature of contracts, no repairs, no renovations—everything that will bear postponement is postponed over May, '52. France is without a morrow, except for dark speculations. Sufficient for the day is the peace thereof; but though there is no security for the morrow, there is little fear of it, for the public has lived so long in alarms that alarm is a common-place, or, in the slang of the day, the normal condition. As in pestilences terror is followed by recklessness, so it is with the French in their political epidemics, as it was with them before in the most bloody days of the Revolution. Let us eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow we —, is the prevailing sentiment, with the blank undefined, un conjectured. In England in the same state, what an agony of anxiety, what panic would possess the public, what care would be seen marked on every brow, what doubt and dread would be the burden of every tongue! for here the thought of public calamity, of confusion, commotion, civil war, would present itself with terrors magnified by strangeness, while in France those terrors are trite, and of the dismal familiar wear of more than half a century. The composure of the French in the present juncture is a composure which comes of an age of troubles; it is not tranquillity, it has no kin with peace; it is the exhaustion of perturbations, *non tumultus, non quies*, the diseased calm of collapse. A happier nation would be unhappy in the present jeopardy of France; but it is her misfortune to be so versed in troubles as to be composed under their coming shadow, and to meet them as terrible familiars.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC ENGINE.

A VERY interesting exhibition of the powers of the galvanic battery, as applied to engineering, took place at the Midway Tabernacle on the 28th of October, before an audience chiefly made up of literary and scientific men, present by invitation. We noticed, among those present, Mr. Erickson, the inventor of the propeller, Mr. Durant, the aeronaut, Major Gen. Sanford, Gen. Hall, and others variously distinguished.

The engine exhibited was of the stationary kind; in appearance not unlike the steam engine, being provided with a connecting rod, crank, and fly wheel, and possessing a power equal to that of eight horses. Upon the motive power being applied by means of a wire communicating with a battery of fifty plates, brilliant coruscations of electric light were emitted, accompanied by a quick succession of sounds much like a volley of pistol shots, and the engine was at once put in rapid motion. A strong opposing force applied to the periphery of

the fly-wheel, by means of a lever, but slightly retarded its motion. These results elicited frequent manifestations of applause. A circular saw which stood near the engine, and was connected with it by an endless revolving band, cut up boards with the greatest facility. Two bars of iron, the heaviest weighing 523 pounds, were suspended in mid-air, without any visible support. This was done by placing them within large helices of copper wire, in a perpendicular position; and, the galvanic current being made to circulate around them, they were instantly raised from the floor. The professor said bars of any weight could be raised to any desired height, whether it were two feet or two hundred, with equal facility. In the case of the engine, a bar is placed horizontally and given a reciprocating motion, by the attractive and repelling forces of the electric agent. Mr. Page stated that this new motive power could be furnished at a cost equal to \$2.50 per day for each horse-power. He had found, as the size of the battery was increased, the economy of the application of this power was increased in the same ratio. It could be applied to small engines more economically than steam.

A more interesting exhibition has seldom taken place. The achievement of such results betokens new wonders to be revealed.

From the Tribune, 11th Oct.

OBITUARY.

GARDINER G. HOWLAND, whose sudden death was noticed in our columns yesterday, had long been expecting to depart without warning, and had religiously prepared himself for such an event. He was a member of Dr. Potts' church, and was as eminent for cheerful piety as he was for benevolence and largeness of soul. He went home from church on Sunday, at about 10 minutes past 12, feeling well, and conversing pleasantly with his friends. He entered his house with his family about him, and, while in the very act of addressing a playful expression to one of his sons, dropped dead in an instant, without pain and without a word to indicate that he was aware of the transition. His physician had informed him that he must die in that manner, and his friends and family expected so to lose him. His disease was originally gout in the stomach, and he had at various times been a great sufferer from it. Going from the stomach, it attacked the heart, and the final blow was always ready, and any accident might cause it to fall with fatal effect.

Few business men in this city were more widely known, none more universally respected and beloved than Mr. Howland. A long course of enterprise, industry and integrity had in him been rewarded, not only with wealth, but with the esteem and confidence of the entire community. He commenced in New York in 1807, when the house of G. G. & S. Howland was formed, which continued till 1834, when the Messrs. Howland retired, becoming special partners in the house of Howlands & Aspinwall, and with that Mr. Howland has since continued to be connected. He was also a special partner in the sugar establishment of Howlands & Müller, and has never ceased to take an active part in the great enterprises connected with the progress and prosperity of society; such as the Hudson River Railroad and others. He was also an active supporter of the Bible Society, Missionary Societies, and other institutions of a religious nature.

Throughout the life of this excellent man he was wont to extend a helping hand to young men, in whom he saw the qualities of industry, talent and high character, and there are now in the city many individuals in the enjoyment of prosperity and the general esteem, who are indebted to Mr. Howland for the generous assistance which launched them upon a successful career as business men. The affection of such men is the best eulogium upon their benefactor, who, in helping them, was at the same time a benefactor of the community.

The prominent traits in Mr. Howland's character were a knowledge of men almost infallible, great firmness and decision, a sound but not a timid judgment, and a magnanimity to which all that is narrow and small was entirely alien. The death of such a man is indeed a calamity, though the poignancy of grief is assuaged by the reflection that he had not lived vainly, and that the catastrophe did not find him unprepared. He leaves, besides his widow, a family of ten children; having been twice married. His fortune probably exceeds a million.

DEATH OF J. KEARNEY RODGERS, M. D.—The announcement of the death of Dr. Rodgers will have been received with regret by the public, and particularly by the medical profession, of which he was so bright and distinguished a member. For many years the name of Dr. Rodgers has been familiar to the public, while his eminent skill and success as a surgeon have won for him the highest admiration of the profession—not only in this country, but in Europe. Dr. Rodgers was born in 1793, and was therefore about 58 at the time of his death. He was the son of Dr. J. R. B. Rodgers, of this city, who attained a high eminence as a medical practitioner about the year 1800, and grandson of Rev. Dr. Rodgers, the former pastor of the Wall street Presbyterian Church, at the revolutionary period. The subject of our sketch was educated at Princeton, N. J., and subsequently studied medicine in this city, with Dr. Wright Post, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, then in Barclay, now in Crosby street. During his course of studies at the Medical School he displayed all those superior traits which afterwards rendered him so distinguished in his profession, and made him the favorite of the school. His accuracy and scientific attainments, united with his skill in anatomical examinations, were such that he was selected as Dr. Post's demonstrator, the duties of which position he discharged with the greatest fidelity, and achieving for himself already a desirable reputation. During the latter part of his medical course he filled the post of House Surgeon in the New York Hospital, where he won the confidence of the profession, the Governor of the Institution, and gave the highest satisfaction to those who required his care and attention.

Dr. Rodgers graduated in 1816, when he went to Europe, spending some two years in London and Paris, chiefly in the former city, where he attended the lectures of Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Benjamin Travers, Abernethy, and Haighton. These celebrated men discovered in the young American elements of character and promises of future distinction and eminence which they were not backward to appreciate and acknowledge, and the marked attention which they paid their pupil gave evidence of their estimate of his character and ability. The Hospitals of Guys and St. Thomas will not probably soon bear on their registers the name of one more

worthy of an honorable memorial than that of J. Kearney Rodgers.

On the return of Dr. R. to this country, which was in November, 1818, he commenced the practice of surgery, that department for which he had so peculiarly fitted himself, and for which his nicety and skill, as well as thorough scientific knowledge, made him so fully qualified. In 1820, in connection with Dr. Edward Delafield, he established the Eye Infirmary, now in Mercer street, where some two thousand patients are annually treated for diseases of that delicate organ. In 1828 he was appointed one of the surgeons of the City Hospital, which post he occupied up to the time of his death.

Dr. Rodgers has left behind him no contributions to medical literature. He never published any work, and it is believed not even an article in any medical journal. He was not a writer, as he never was a theorist. Eminently practical in his habits and his tastes, he rejected the merely speculative for the demonstrative, and the theory for the result. His name will stand high, not for discovery, not for theory, not for discussion, but for his uniformly successful career as an operator, in even the most critical cases. His most remarkable operation—one which attracted the universal admiration of the scientific world—was performed about three years ago, in the hospital, upon a sailor then confined in that institution. The celebrated Sir Astley Cooper had attempted the same operation, and failed. It was an operation for aneurism, by tying the subclavian artery. The extreme difficulty and delicacy of this operation, with its unrivalled success, won for Dr. Rodgers a fame still higher than that he had already achieved.

Dr. R. in his personal character was no less beloved than admired for his professional abilities. Of sterling integrity, of a noble and generous mind, tender and sympathizing, sincere and earnest, he won friends only to make them enduring. Possessed of a high degree of conscientiousness, he was eminently honest in the professional sense of the term as an operator, never disguising the truth where its utterance was required. He will long be remembered, and we doubt not suitable observances and testimonials to his memory will be held among the profession, who will not soon be able to replace the loss occasioned by the death of Dr. Rodgers.

From the China Mail.

AMONG the events of the month deserving especial notice, is the death of Dr. GUTZLAFF, which occurred here on the 9th inst., when he had just completed his 48th year.

He was by birth a Pomeranian, and was sent to the East by the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1827; and, after spending four years in Batavia, Singapore, and Siam, he came to China in 1831. Being of an erratic disposition, within the next two years he made three voyages along the coast of China, then comparatively unknown, and the romance of which lost nothing by his descriptions; but neither then, nor at any other time, did he visit Peking, or penetrate into the interior of the country, as has been stated. On the death of the elder Morrison, in 1834, Mr. Gutzlaff was employed by the British superintendency as an interpreter, and was employed in that capacity during the war. He afterwards received the appointment of Chinese secretary to the British Plenipotentiary and Superintendent of Trade, in which office he died. The salary was a considerable one, especially for one

of economical habits, and enabled him, by frugality and profitable management, to leave a fortune, as little in accordance with his original expectations as with the professions of poverty in which he was at all times wont to indulge.

He was a man of most laborious habits, with a sanguine temperament and enthusiastic spirit; but his attainments were more various than exact, and secured for him a higher reputation at home than in China, where, with the facts before them, people were not so apt to be carried away by the lively imagination which sometimes overmastered its owner himself.

For some years past Mr. Gutzlaff had ceased to call himself a missionary; but he still continued to teach and exhort the Chinese around him and in the neighboring hamlets. The Chinese Christian Union owes its origin to him, and is likely to expire with him. Its purpose was to convert China to Christianity through its own sons. But converts are not to be made in geometrical progression, and the idea, which could only have taken possession of an enthusiast, was crudely conceived, and put in practice without due consideration; its agents being themselves indifferent Christians, and paid for work which could not be supervised, and may never have been performed. There are few foreigners in China, having any acquaintance with the subject, even those who have belonged to the Union, who do not regard the scheme as a distinguished failure; and the more charitable amongst them believe that Mr. Gutzlaff may have been carried away by his own enthusiasm and confidence in the sincerity of his converts, rather than by any wish to deceive. He was naturally jealous of interference, and the conduct of the London Missionary Society, which, during his absence in Europe, instituted an investigation into the Christian Union, piqued him, not without reason, and made him cling, with greater pertinacity, to the scheme thus assailed.

The sincerity of his Christian profession has been warmly attested in a funeral sermon, preached by the acting colonial chaplain, who attended Mr. Gutzlaff on his deathbed; but until it was called in question, the attestation might have been withheld. At all events, it is not our province to discuss the point. We therefore conclude with the following extract of a despatch from Sir George Robinson, head of the commission in China, to Lord Palmerston, written in 1835, and to which Mr. Gutzlaff was probably indebted for the position he afterwards occupied:—

Fully impressed with the great importance of transmitting every intelligence respecting this country, immediately on assuming the duties of office, I requested Mr. Gutzlaff would furnish me with any information likely to prove of moment or interest, being convinced no person could be so well qualified as this gentleman, who, your lordship must be aware, has had more remarkable and favorable opportunities of making observations, and thereby forming opinions, than perhaps any other European, at least in modern times. If this assertion should be questioned, on the ground that many others have resided for a longer period in the country, I may be permitted to observe that men engaged in mercantile or other pursuits at Canton, confined within narrow limits, and only deriving casual information from ignorant, if not interested persons, Hong merchants, linguists and servants, cannot, I presume, be quoted as equally good authority with an individual who, disregarding all the luxuries and comforts of civilized life, has not only visited the coast in European vessels, but, adopting the dress, habits, and, what is more surprising, the language of

these people, has associated with them on a familiar footing in various places, known formerly to no Europeans, and now only to a few. Of an energetic and enthusiastic disposition, influenced by the highest motives, and carried away, perhaps, by over-sanguine hopes and expectations in his religious views, it is possible Mr. Gutzlaff may have adopted some fallacious ideas as to the facilities of extending British commerce to other ports in China; but I am thoroughly convinced the most successful results would attend decided and vigorous measures on the part of the British government, to achieve an object of such infinite importance.—*Sir George Robinson's Despatch to Lord Palmerston, dated Macao, February 27, 1851.*

From the Knickerbocker.

NEARER TO THEE.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

YEARS, years have fled, since, hushed in thy last slumber,

They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree :
But with a patient heart each day I number,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

The twilight comes, and robes in softened splendor
All that is beautiful on land or sea,
And o'er my spirit flings an influence tender,
For in that hour I nearer seem to thee.

The night is gone; and as the mists of morning
Before the Day-god's burning presence flee,
Then in my heart a welcome light is dawning,
That cheers me as I nearer press to thee.

I sometimes think thy spirit kindly watches
O'er the heart that loved so tenderly;
For there are rapturous moments when it catches,
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In those sweet seasons thou dost come before me,
With loveliness that Earth may never see;
I feel thy presence like a blessing o'er me,
And then I know I nearer am to thee.

When from these dreams I tearfully awaken,
Colder than ever seems the earth to me;
But yet all hopes have not my heart forsaken,
Am I not drawing nearer, nearer thee?

Thou wert Life's Angel, how I loved, adored thee,
Ere Death had set thy gentle spirit free!
And now thou know'st 'st how oft I have implored thee
To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee! to-night the stars are burning
In skies that must thy blessed dwelling be;
Thou canst not leave them, unto earth returning,
But I am pressing nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee! how long, how long encumbered
With mortal fetters must my spirit be?
With but one wish, one hope, through life I've
slumbered,

The wish, the hope, to be yet nearer thee.

Nearer to thee! I know my prayer is granted,
I know thy spirit now is close to me;
Not, not in vain this hope my heart hath haunted—
Each pulse-beat brings me nearer, nearer thee.

From the Tribune.

TO ———.

Sing the song that once you sung,
When we were together young;
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

From Household Words.

BALLOONING.

It would appear that, in almost every age, from time immemorial, there has been a strong feeling in certain ambitious mortals to ascend among the clouds. They have felt with *Heecate*—

Oh what a dainty pleasure 't is
To sail in the air!

So many, besides those who have actually indulged in it, have felt desirous of tasting the "dainty pleasure" of a perilous flight, that we are compelled to believe that the attraction is not only much greater than the inducement held out would lead one to expect, but that it is far more extensive than generally supposed. Eccentric ambition, daring, vanity, and the love of excitement and novelty, have been quite as strong impulses as the love of science, and of making new discoveries in man's mastery over physical nature. Nevertheless, the latter feeling has, no doubt, been the main-stay if not the forerunner and father of these attempts, and has held it in public respect, notwithstanding the many follies that have been committed.

To master the physical elements, has always been the great aim of man. He commenced with earth, his own natural, obvious, and immediate element, and he has succeeded to a prodigious extent, being able to do (so far as he knows) almost whatever he wills with the surface; and, though reminded every now and then by some terrible disaster that he is getting "out of bounds," has effected great conquests amidst the dark depths beneath the surface. Water and fire came next in requisition; and, by the process of ages, man may fairly congratulate himself on the extraordinary extent, both in kind and degree, to which he has subjected them to his designs—designs which have become complicated and stupendous in the means by which they are carried out, and having commensurate results both of abstract knowledge and practical utility. But the element of air has hitherto been too subtle for all his projects, and defied his attempts at conquest. That element which permeates all earthly bodies, and without breathing which the animal machine cannot continue its vital functions—into that grand natural reservoir of breath, there is every physical indication that it is not intended man should ascend as its lord. Travelling and voyaging man must be content with earth and ocean:—the sublime highways of air, are, to all appearance, denied to his wanderings.

Wild and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and, also, that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the *Icarus* of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his "History of Britain;" the flying man being a monk of Malmesbury, "in his youth." He lived to

be impudent and jocose on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742, the Marquis de Bacqueville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own house on the *Quai des Theatins* to the gardens of the *Tuileries*. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the river Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive; and the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution.

That flying, however, could be effected by the assistance of some more elaborate sort of machinery, or with the aid of chemistry, was believed at an early period. Friar Bacon suggested it; so did Bishop Wilkins, and the Marquis of Worcester; it was likewise projected by Fleyder, by the Jesuit Lana, and many other speculative men of ability. So far, however, as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas; and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rosier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine, and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer in the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently. Pilâtre de Rosier, admiring the success of the balloon afterwards made by Professor Charles, and others, (*viz.*, a balloon filled with hydrogen gas,) conceived the idea of uniting the two systems, and accordingly ascended with a large balloon of that kind, having a small fire-balloon beneath it—the upper one to sustain the greater portion of the weight, the lower one to enable him to alter his specific gravity as occasion might require, and thus to avoid the usual expenditure of gas and ballast. Right in theory—but he had forgotten one thing. Ascending too high, confident in his theory, the upper balloon became distended too much, and poured down a stream of hydrogen gas,

in self-relief, which reached the little furnace of the fire-balloon, and the whole machine became presently one mass of flame. It was consumed in the air, as it descended, and with it, of course, the unfortunate Pilâtre de Rosier. The untimely fate of the Marquis d'Arlandes, his companion in the first ascent ever made in a balloon, was hastened by one of those circumstances which display the curious anomalies in human nature;—he was broken for cowardice in the execution of his military duties, and is supposed to have committed suicide.

If we consider the shape, structure, appurtenances, and capabilities of a ship of early ages, and one of the present time, we must be struck with admiration at the great improvement that has been made, and the advantages that have been obtained; but balloons are very nearly what they were from the first, and are as much at mercy of the wind for the direction they will take. Neither is there at present any certain prospect of an alteration in this condition. Their so called "voyage" is little more than "drifting," and can be no more, except by certain manœuvres which obtain precarious exceptions, such as rising to take the chance of different currents, or lowering a long and weighty rope upon the earth, (an ingenious invention of Mr. Green's called the "guide-rope,") to be trailed along the ground. If, however, man is ever to be a flying animal, and to travel in the air whither he listeth, it must be by other means than wings, balloons, paddle-machines, and aerial ships—several of which are now building in America, in Paris, and in London. We do not doubt the mechanical genius of inventors—but the motive power. We will offer a few remarks on these projects before we conclude.

But let us, at all events, ascend into the air! Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," as Mr. Green would say—let us for once have a flight in the air.

The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air, which takes away your breath for a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned. So true is this, that on one occasion, when Mr. Green wished to rise a little above a dense crowd, in order to get out of the extreme heat and pressure that surrounded his balloon, those who held the ropes, misunderstanding his direction, let go entirely, and the balloon instantly rose, while the aeronaut remained calmly seated, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, after the exertions he had undergone in preparing for the flight, and totally unconscious of what had happened. He declares that he only became aware of the circumstances, when, on reaching a considerable elevation, (a few seconds are often quite enough for that,) he heard the shouts of the multitude becoming fainter and fainter, which caused him to start up, and look over the edge of the car.

A similar unconsciousness of the time of their departure from earth has often happened to "passengers." A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not go up at all; but at about five

minutes past six on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838—at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, went down!" What follows is excellent. "I cannot have been deceived," says he; "I speak from the evidence of my senses, founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves—down they all went about thirty feet!—then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while, in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion; till, at length, Mr. Green snapping a little iron, and thus letting loose the rope by which the earth was suspended to us—like Atropos, cutting the connection between us with a pair of shears—down it went with everything on it; and your poor, paltry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your great metropolis, as you insolently call it,) having been placed on casters for the occasion—I am satisfied of that—was gently rolled away from under us."*

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude—the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head, (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd,) the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car—all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations—to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong. As all this will differ with different individuals, according to their nervous systems and imaginations, we will leave each person to his own impressions.

So much for what you first feel; and now what is the first thing you do? In this case everybody is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously—keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion—and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our travelling-cap, and then the tip of our nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Everything below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed, and simultaneously—so much too-much-at-a-time—that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downwards; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position, and ascending retreat from them, (though it is *they* that appear to sink and retreat from us.) They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer. "An idea," says Monck Mason, "involuntarily seizes upon the mind, that the earth with all its inhabitants had, by some unaccountable effort of nature, been suddenly precipitated from its hold, and was in the act of slipping away from beneath the aeronaut's feet

* "Crochets in the Air, or an Un-scientific Account of a Balloon Trip," by John Poole, Esq. Colburn, 1838.

into the murky recesses of some unfathomable abyss below. Everything, in fact, but himself seems to have been suddenly endowed with motion." Away goes the earth, with all its objects—sinking lower and lower, and everything becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat towards minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens—men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two, one inch—and now a speck; the Great Western is a narrow strip of parchment, and upon it you see a number of little trunks "running away with each other," while the Great Metropolis itself is a board set out with toys; its public edifices turned into "baby houses, and pepper-casters, and extinguishers, and chess-men, with here and there a dish-cover—things which are called domes, and spires, and steeples!" As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky gray, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct—and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up all the space beneath. Lovely colors outspread themselves, ever-varying in tone, and in their forms or outlines—now sweeping in broad lines—now rolling and heaving in huge, richly, yet softly-tinted billows—while sometimes, through a great opening, rift or break, you see a level expanse of gray or blue fields at an indefinite depth below. And all this time there is a noiseless cataract of snowy cloud-rocks falling around you—falling swiftly on all sides of the car, in great fleecy masses—in small snow-white and glistening fragments—and immense compound masses—all white, and soft, and swiftly rushing past you, giddily, and incessantly down, down, and all with the silence of a dream—strange, lustrous, majestic, incomprehensible!

Aéronauts, of late years, have become in many instances, respectable and business-like, and not given to extravagant fictions about their voyages, which now, more generally, take the form of a not very lively log. But it used to be very different when the art was in its infancy, some thirty or forty years ago, and young balloonists indulged in romantic fancies. We do not believe that there was a direct intention to tell falsehoods, but that they often deceived themselves very amusingly. Thus, it has been asserted, that when you attained a great elevation, the air became so rarefied that you could not breathe, and that small objects, being thrown out of the balloon, could not fall, and stuck against the side of the car. Also, that wild birds, being taken up and suddenly let loose, could not fly properly, but returned immediately to the car for an explanation. One aéronaut declared that his head became so contracted by his great elevation, that his hat tumbled over his eyes, and persisted in resting on the bridge of his nose. This assertion was indignantly rebutted by another aéronaut of the same period, who declared that, on the contrary, the head expanded in proportion to the elevation; in proof of which he stated, that on his last ascent he went so high that his hat burst. Another of these romantic personages described a wonderful feat of skill and daring which he had performed up in the air. At an elevation of two miles, his balloon burst several degrees above "the equator," (meaning, above the middle region of the balloon,) whereupon he crept up the lines that attached the car, until he reached the netting that enclosed the balloon; and up this netting he

clambered, until he reached the aperture, into which he thrust—not his head—but his pocket handkerchief! Mr. Monck Mason, to whose "Aéronautica" we are indebted for the anecdote, gives eight different reasons to show the impossibility of any such feat having ever been performed in the air. One of these is highly graphic. The "performer" would change the line of gravitation by such an attempt; he would never be able to mount the sides, and would only be like the squirrel in its revolving cage. He would, however, pull the netting round—the spot where he clung to ever remaining the lowest—until having reversed the machine, the balloon would probably make its escape, in an elongated shape, through the large interstices of that portion of the net-work which is just above the car, when the balloon is in its proper position! But the richest of all these romances is the following brief statement:—A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years, (who had "probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine,") was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth!

These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny-piece would undoubtedly fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downwards as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being "called upon," we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose; neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin. We see that it is impossible to climb up the netting of the balloon overhead, and so do not think of attempting it; neither do we find all the lines in our face getting filled up, and the loveliness of our "blushing morning" taking the place of a marked maturity. These fancies are not less ingenious and comical than that of the sailor who hit upon the means of using a balloon to make a rapid voyage to any part of the earth. "The earth spins round," said he, "at a great rate, don't it? Well, I'd go up two or three miles high in my balloon, and then 'lay to,' and when any place on the globe I wished to touch at passed underneath me, down I'd drop upon it."

But we are still floating high in air. How do we feel all this time? "Calm, sir—calm and resigned." Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen, (and you will more especially feel this under the careful conduct of the veteran Green,) a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations—to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect—a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick!—or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. But you have got a warm outer coat,

and travelling boots, and other valuable things, and you have not left behind you the pigeon-pie, the ham, cold beef, bottled ale and brandy.

Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be; and probably much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which too romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

We are now nearly three miles high. Nothing is to be seen but pale air above—around—on all sides, with floating clouds beneath. How should you like to descend in a parachute!—to be dangled by a long line from the bottom of the car, and suddenly to be “let go,” and to dip at once clean down through those gray-blue and softly rose-tinted clouds, skimming so gently beneath us? Not at all; oh, by no manner of means—thank you! Ah, you are thinking of the fate of poor Cocking, the enthusiast in parachutes, concerning whom, and his fatal “improvement,” the public is satisfied that it knows everything, from the one final fact—that he was killed. But there is something more than that in it, as we fancy.

Two words against parachutes. In the first place there is no use to which, at present, they can be applied; and, in the second, they are so unsafe as to be likely, in all cases, to cost a life for each descent. In the concise words of Mr. Green, we should say—“the best parachute is a balloon; the others are bad things to have to deal with.”

Mr. Cocking, as we have said, was an enthusiast in parachutes. He felt sure he had discovered a new, and the true, principle. All parachutes, before his day, had been constructed to descend in a concave form, like that of an open umbrella; the consequence of which was, that the parachute descended with a violent swinging from side to side, which sometimes threw the man in the basket in almost a horizontal position. Mr. Cocking conceived that the converse form; viz., an inverted cone, (of large dimensions,) would remedy this evil; and becoming convinced, we suppose, by some private experiments with models, he agreed to descend on a certain day. The time was barely adequate to his construction of the parachute, and did not admit of such actual experiments with a sheep, or pig, or other animal, as prudence would naturally have suggested. Besides the want of time, however, Cocking equally wanted prudence; he felt sure of his new principle; this new form of parachute was the hobby of his life, and up he went on the appointed day, (for what aeronaut shall dare to “disappoint the public!”)—dangling by a rope fifty feet long, from the bottom of the car of Mr. Green’s great Nassau Balloon.

The large upper rim of the parachute, in imitation, we suppose, of the hollow bones of a bird, was made of hollow tin—a most inapplicable and brittle material; and, besides this, it had two fractures. But Mr. Cocking was not to be deterred; convinced of the truth of his discovery, up he would go. Mr. Green was not equally at ease, and positively refused to touch the latch of the “liberating iron,” which was to detach the parachute from the balloon. Mr. Cocking arranged to do this himself, for which means he procured a piece of new cord of upwards of fifty feet in length, which was fastened to the latch above in the car,

and led down to his hand in the basket of the parachute. Up they went to a great height, and disappeared among the clouds.

Mr. Green had taken up one friend with him in the car; and knowing well what would happen the instant so great a weight as the parachute and man were detached, he had provided a small balloon inside the car, filled with atmospheric air, with two mouth-pieces. They were now upwards of a mile high.

“How do you feel, Mr. Cocking?” called out Green. “Never better, or more delighted in my life,” answered Cocking. Though hanging at fifty feet distance, in the utter silence of that region, every accent was easily heard. “But, perhaps you will alter your mind?” suggested Green. “By no means,” cried Cocking; “but how high are we?”—“Upwards of a mile.”—“I must go higher, Mr. Green—I must be taken up two miles before I liberate the parachute.” Now, Mr. Green, having some regard for himself and his friend, as well as for poor Cocking, was determined not to do any such thing. After some further colloquy, therefore, during which Mr. Green threw out a little more ballast, and gained a little more elevation, he finally announced that he could go no higher, as he now needed all the ballast he had for their own safety in the balloon. “Very well,” said Cocking, “if you really will not take me any higher, I shall say good-by.”

At this juncture, Green called out, “Now, Mr. Cocking, if your mind at all misgives you about your parachute, I have provided a tackle up here, which I can lower down to you, and then wind you up into the car by my little grapple-iron windlass, and nobody need be the wiser.”—“Certainly not,” cried Cocking; “thank you all the same. I shall now make ready to pull the latch-cord.” Finding he was determined, Green and his friend both crouched down in the car, and took hold of the mouth-pieces of their little air-balloon. “All ready?” called out Cocking. “All ready!” answered the veteran aeronaut above. “Good-night, Mr. Green!”—“Good-night, Mr. Cocking!”—“A pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Green—good-night!”

There was a perfect silence—a few seconds of intense suspense—and then the aeronauts in the car felt a jerk upon the latch. It had not been forcible enough to open the liberating iron. Cocking had failed to detach the parachute. Another pause of horrid silence ensued.

Then came a strong jerk upon the latch, and, in an instant, the great balloon shot upwards with a side-long swirl, like a wounded serpent. They saw their flag clinging flat down against the flag-staff, while a torrent of gas rushed down upon them through the aperture in the balloon above their heads, and continued to pour down into the car for a length of time that would have suffocated them, but for the judicious provision of the little balloon of atmospheric air, to the mouth-pieces of which their own mouths were fixed, as they crouched down at the bottom of the car. Of Mr. Cocking’s fate, or the result of his experiment, they had not the remotest knowledge. They only knew the parachute was gone!

The termination of Mr. Cocking’s experiment is well known. For a few seconds he descended quickly, but steadily, and without swinging—as he had designed, and insisted would be the result—when, suddenly, those who were watching with glasses below, saw the parachute lean on one side—then give a lurch to the other—then the large

upper circle collapsed, (the disastrous hollow tubing having evidently broken up,) and the machine entered the upper part of a cloud; in a few more seconds it was seen to emerge from the lower part of the cloud—the whole thing turned over—and then, like a closed-up broken umbrella, it shot straight down to the earth. The unfortunate, and, as most people regard him, the foolish, enthusiast, was found still in the basket in which he reached the earth. He was quite insensible, but uttered a moan; and in ten minutes he was dead.

Half a word in favor of parachutes. True, they are of no use "at present;" but who knows of what use such things may one day be? As to Mr. Cocking's invention, the disaster seems to be attributable to errors of detail, rather than of principle. Mr. Green is of opinion, from an examination of the broken latch-cord, combined with other circumstances, which would require diagrams to describe satisfactorily, that after Mr. Cocking had failed to liberate himself the first time, he twisted the cord round his hand to give a good jerk, forgetting that in doing so, he united himself to the balloon above, as it would be impossible to disengage his hand in time. By this means he was violently jerked into his parachute, which broke the latch-cord; but the tin tube was not able to bear such a shock, and this caused so serious a fracture, in addition to its previous unsound condition, that it soon afterwards collapsed. This leads one to conjecture that had the outer rim been made of strong wicker-work, or whalebone, so as to be somewhat pliable, and that Mr. Green had liberated the parachute, instead of Mr. Cocking, it would have descended to the earth with perfect safety—skimming the air, instead of the violent oscillations of the old form of the machine. We conclude, however, with Mr. Green's laconic remark—that the safest parachute is a balloon.

But here we are—still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. This is a work requiring great skill and care to effect safely, so as to alight on a suitable piece of ground, and without any detriment to the voyagers, the balloon, gardens, crops, &c.

The valve-line is pulled!—out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon—you see the flag fly upwards—down through the clouds you sink faster and faster—lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below—there's the old earth again!—the dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops—out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower—another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian *aéronaut* gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon, when it touches the earth; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantages of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers' laborers are in chase of it. It

catches upon a bank—it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three little girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge—grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled, and held fast till the *aérial monster*, with many a gigantic heave and pant, surrenders at discretion, and begins to resign its inflated robust proportions. It subsides in irregular waves—sinks, puffs, flattens—dies to a mere shrivelled skin; and being folded up, like Peter Schlemil's shadow, is put into a bag, and stowed away at the bottom of the little car it so recently overshadowed with its buoyant enormity.

We are glad it is all over; delighted and edified as we have been, we are very glad to take our supper at the solid, firmly-fixed oak table of a country inn, with a brick wall and a barn-door for our only prospect, as the evening closes in. Of ethereal currents, and the scenery of infinite space, we have had enough for the present.

Touching the accidents which occur to balloons, we feel persuaded that in the great majority of cases they are caused by inexperience, ignorance, rashness, folly, or—more commonly than all—the necessities attending a "show." Once "announced" for a certain day, or *night*, (an abominable practice, which ought to be prevented)—and whatever the state of the wind and weather, and whatever science and the good sense of an experienced *aéronaut* may know and suggest of imprudence—up the poor man must go, simply because the public have paid their money to see him do it. He must go, or he will be ruined.

But nothing can more strikingly display the comparative safety which is attained by great knowledge, foresight, and care, than the fact of the veteran, Charles Green, being now in the four hundred and eighty-ninth year of his ballooning age; having made that number of ascents, and taken up one thousand four hundred and thirteen persons, with no fatal accident to himself, or to them, and seldom with any damage to his balloons.

Nevertheless, from causes over which he had no control, our veteran has had two or three "close shaves." On one occasion he was blown out to sea with the Great Nassau balloon. Observing some vessels, from which he knew he should obtain assistance, he commenced a rapid descent in the direction of the Nore. The valve was opened, and the car first struck the water some two miles north of Sheerness. But the wind was blowing fresh, and, by reason of the buoyancy of the balloon, added to the enormous surface it presented to the wind, they were drawn through the water at a speed which set defiance to all the vessels and boats that were now out on the chase. It should be mentioned, that the speed was so vehement, and the car so un-boat-like, that the *aéronauts* (Mr. Green and Mr. Rush, of Eisenham Hall, Essex) were dragged through, that is *under*, every wave they encountered, and had a good prospect of being drowned upon the surface. Seeing that the balloon could not be overtaken, Mr. Green managed to let go his large grapnel-iron, which shortly afterwards took effect at the bottom, where, by a fortunate circumstance (for them) there was a sunken wreck,

in which the iron took hold. The progress of the balloon being thus arrested, a boat soon came up, and relieved the aeronauts; but no boat could venture to approach the monster balloon, which still continued to struggle, and toss, and bound from side to side. It would have capsized any boat that came near it, in an instant. It was impossible to do anything with it till Mr. Green obtained assistance from a revenue cutter, from which he solicited the services of an armed boat, and the crew fired muskets with ball-cartridge into the rolling monster, until she gradually sank down flat upon the waves, but not until she had been riddled with sixty-two bullet holes.

So much for perils by sea; but the greatest of all the veteran's dangers was caused by a diabolical trick, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. It was as follows:—

In the year 1832, on ascending from Cheltenham, one of those malicious wretches, who may be regarded as half fool and half devil, contrived partially to sever the ropes of the car, in such a manner as not to be perceived before the balloon had quitted the ground; when receiving, for the first time, the whole weight of the contents, they suddenly gave way. Everything fell out of the car, the aeronauts just having time to secure a painful and precarious attachment to the hoop. Lightened of its load, the balloon, with frightful velocity, immediately commenced its upward course, and ere Mr. Green could obtain possession of the valve-string, which the first violence of the accident had placed beyond his reach, attained an altitude of upwards of ten thousand feet. Their situation was terrific. Clinging to the hoop with desperate retention, not daring to trust any portion of their weight upon the margin of the car, that still remained suspended by a single cord beneath their feet, lest that also might give way, and they should be deprived of their only remaining counterpoise, all they could do was to resign themselves to chance, and endeavor to retain their hold until the exhaustion of the gas should have determined the career of the balloon. To complete the horrors of their situation, the net-work, drawn awry by the awkward and unequal disposition of the weight, began to break about the upper part of the machine—mesh after mesh giving way, with a succession of reports like those of a pistol; while, through the opening thus created, the balloon began rapidly to ooze out, and, swelling as it escaped beyond the fissure, presented the singular appearance of a huge hour-glass floating in the upper regions of the sky. After having continued for a considerable length of time in this condition, every moment expecting to be precipitated to the earth by the final detachment of the balloon, at length they began slowly to descend. When they had arrived within about a hundred feet from the ground, the event they had anticipated at length occurred; the balloon, rushing through the opening in the net-work with a tremendous explosion, suddenly made its escape, and they fell to the earth in a state of insensibility, from which with great difficulty they were eventually recovered.

Apart from the question of dangers, which science, as we have seen, can reduce to a minimum—and apart also from the question of practical utility, of which we do not see much at present, yet of which we know not what may be derived in future—what are the probabilities of improvement in the art of ballooning, aërostation, or the means of travelling through the air in a given direction?

The conditions seem to be these. In order to fly

in the air, and steer in a given direction during a given period, it is requisite to take up a buoyancy and a power which shall be greater (and continuously so during the voyage) than needful to sustain its own mechanical weight, together with that of the aeronauts and their various appurtenances; and as much also in excess of these requisitions as shall overcome the adverse action of the wind upon the resisting surface presented by the machine. At present no such power is known, which can be used in combination with a balloon, or other gas machine. If we could condense electricity, then the thing might be done; other subtle powers may also be discovered with the progress of science, but we must wait for them before we can fairly make definite voyages in the air, and reduce human flying to a practical utility, or a safe and rational pleasure.

The "latest news" of new inventions in balloons we shall comprise within the period of the last ten or eleven years. A writer in the "Polytechnic Journal" (1840) thought he had discovered a certain means of propelling balloons at the will of the aeronaut. He proposed to do this without taking up an additional power, or engine, but simply by a new application of the *weight*, as well as the strength, of the aeronaut and his passengers. A fan-wheel is to be constructed to act upon the air, for the direction of the course of the balloon; and this wheel is to be worked after the manner of the tread-mill. When a certain impulse, in a direction against the wind, is to be given, the aeronaut and his friends will get into the wheel, and work it round by the usual process. If more power is needed, they must use their hands, and also carry weights on their shoulders!

Passing over M. Poitevin's equestrian performances in the air as simply censurable, we come at once to the three or four announcements which have last interested the lovers of "this delightful art," as Monck Mason terms it. Of the Spanish nobleman lately arrived in Paris, who is to fly in a new machine, accompanied by his daughter, we are unable to say more than he has himself put forth, which amounts to nothing but the announcement. Respecting the New American Flying Ship, with its copper boilers, and engines of twelve horsepower, which are to cause a revolution of floats, not yet being finished, (owing to the unhandsome hanging-back of the American public in the amount of dollars still necessary to be subscribed,) we make no remarks—but offer a word or two on the invention of M. Petin, a respectable tradesman of Paris, who has devoted many years to "this delightful art." Instead of sailing horizontally, he proposes alternately to ascend and descend in an oblique direction; and at each ascent and descent he contends that the balloon can be driven forward. The apparatus he employs is gigantic. First, there is an immense frame-work *seventy yards* long by ten wide, and to it three large balloons are to be attached; connected with the frame-work are large frames of sail-cloth, which open and close, somewhat like those of a conservatory. When all these frames are closed, the resistance of the air is alike on all, and the machine swims horizontally; but when some at one end are opened, the resistance of the air becomes unequal, and the machine rises or descends. Advantage is taken of this movement to propel the balloon by means of a screw, worked by a mechanical apparatus.

But the French are not to carry off all the honors of these aerial fancies. We have a Steam Aëro-

tation Society, with an Office in the Strand, London, where it is announced that "Lectures explanatory of the object will be given, on the payment of five shillings, which constitutes a Perpetual Associate, with privilege to attend the progress of the Machine now building on the premises." The Duke of Brunswick is also hard at work on a new Aërial Machine.

In the Great Exposition, we have had the pleasure of examining the new Aërial Machine invented by Mr. E. Mason, of Brompton, together with the Locomotive Balloon, and Locomotive Parachute of Mr. H. Bell, of Millbank. The former of these presents the appearance of a huge vegetable marrow, with a broad Dutch rudder at the stern, and an apparatus of revolving sails at each bow; Mr. Bell's invention is a long silver fish, for a boat, with revolving fans, in place of fins, for progression, and sustained by a balloon of blue silk. (It is said that Marshal Ney expended a considerable sum in experiments with a balloon of the fish-shape; but it could not be made to swim the air as he wished.) Mr. J. Brown, of Leadenhall Street, has a most solid-looking model, like a mahogany Dutch boat, sustained by an immense inflated bonnet, or closed hood, and guided by a jib in front, with a tri-sail for a rudder. Mr. H. Plummer has a machine, to fly with wings only, the power to be derived from the action of springs, &c. Mr. G. Graham exhibits a steering apparatus for a balloon. It resembles some enormous fire-work case, or skeleton of some great fabulous bird. These long wings are, in fact, to be used as immense oars; a project somewhat resembling that of Messrs. Aine and Robert, in 1784. Mr. W. Sadd, of Wandsworth, exhibits a singularly light, and curious Aërial Machine, evidently the result of immense consideration in its principles and details, and if ever we ventured up in an experimental trip of this kind, we should be disposed to give this — but it is good to be careful, and better still, perhaps, not to venture for a long time to come. All these machines have a wonderfully eccentric look, of course; and there are no explanations to any of them, excepting the following:—

A pamphlet has just been published by Mr. Luntley, with a frontispiece of a very new kind of balloon, in form not unlike two bagpipes of the early Italian shepherds, sewed together. It is to be of prodigious magnitude. The principle of propulsion will be that of the screw, but the balloon is to be its own screw, and work itself, by rotation, through the air. A wheel and strap are to give the rotatory motion; and the inventor is convinced that one end of the bagpipe (or queer curled point) will propel, and the other attract, the air in its embrace, which will enable the aeronaut to advance in any direction he pleases. His power is to be derived from steam; and the weight of cargo he expects to be able to carry (besides the weight of his machine and apparatus) is the moderate amount of twenty-seven tons—about the weight of six full-grown elephants, with their "castles."

Well, we take our breath after all this; but, supported by the opinion of many scientific men of various periods, and by the scientific triumphs accomplished in our own time, we venture to indulge a hope of flying, some day, whither we list (with a reasonable recollection that even ships at sea cannot leave port in an adverse storm, and that very few birds can fly against a strong wind); but we do not think the day has yet arrived; and we con-

fess to a somewhat uncomfortable sensation at the idea of "going up" in company with a cargo of twenty-seven tons.

From the Tribune.

"THE SEA IS HIS."

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

THINE the great Ocean, fathomless and wide,
Through whose far depths uncounted myriads glide,
Thine its tumultuous heave, its placid rest,
And Thine the sleepers in its cold, dark breast.

Sublime, resistless in its ebb and flow,
Blushing beneath the morning's fervid glow,
Blue as the softest skies that span its bed,
Is the faint type of Thee around us spread.

Its glory Thine in cloudless noontide hours,
When crested billows scatter golden showers;
And Thine, through all the holy, solemn night,
Its wondrous beauty 'neath the moon's pale light.

Thine are the winds that wrathfully arise,
In dreadful conflict mingling sea and skies;
And Thine the lulling of the blast, whose breath
Bore to the vainly brave the chill of death.

Its solemn anthems have no theme but Thee,
Lord of the stars and earth and rolling sea!
And in the wildest storm that o'er it plays
Thy voice alone it hears—Thy arm obeys.

Boston, Mass.

From the Tribune.

THE SABBATH BELL.

BY CHARLES E. CADY.

SITTING at my window, now
Comes the music stealing soft,
As above yon hillock's brow,
Float the Sabbath chimes aloft.
Often, in my younger year,
When the evening shadows fell,
How I lingered long, to hear
Holy voice of Sabbath Bell.

I have stood in sorrow there
By that grave to me so dear,—
Where no passing eye could stare
And no passing foot was near.
While upon the gale would rise,
Sweeping gently down the dell,
Music springing to the skies
From that evening Sabbath Bell.

Strange it is, that music's voice,
Speaking on the Sabbath eve,
Will the sinking soul rejoice
And the laden heart relieve.
Oh, an influence by that tone,
More than mortal tongue can tell,
Is upon the spirit thrown
By the voice of Sabbath Bell.

On our bosom's lonely strand,
When life's billows cease to play,
And, unto the Spirit-Land,
Voices call our hearts away;
And the parting Spirit's smile
Is its truest, purest knell,—
Who will say that ear, the while,
Hears no angel Sabbath Bell?

East Schuyler.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A LEGEND OF GIBRALTAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE governor's residence at Gibraltar was, in days of Spanish domination, a religious house, and still retains the name of the Convent. Two sides of a long quadrangular gallery, traversing the interior of the building, are hung with portraits of officers present at the great siege in 1779-83, executed in a style which proves that Pre-Raphaelite painters existed in those days. One of these portraits represents my grandfather. To judge from a painting of him by Sir Joshua and a small miniature likeness, both still in possession of the family, he must have been rather a good-looking old gentleman, with an affable, soldier-like air, and very respectable features. The portrait at the Convent is doubtless a strong likeness, but by no means so flattering; it represents him much as he might have appeared in life if looked at through a cheap opera-glass. A full inch has been abstracted from his forehead, and added to his chin; the bold nose has become a great promontory in the midst of the level countenance; the eyes have gained in ferocity what they have lost in speculation, and would, indeed, go far to convey a disagreeable impression of my ancestor's character, but for the inflexible smile of the mouth. Altogether, the grimness of the air, the buckram rigidity of figure, and the uncompromising hardness of his shirt-frill and the curls of his wig, are such as are to be met with in few works of art, besides the figure-heads of vessels, the signboards of country inns, and the happiest efforts of Messrs. Millais and Hunt.

However, my grandfather is no worse off than his compeers. Not far from this one is another larger painting, representing a council of officers held during the siege, where, notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion and the imminence of the danger, not a single face in the intrepid assembly wears the slightest expression of anxiety or fear, or, indeed, of anything else; and though my progenitor, in addition to the graces of the other portrait, is here depicted with a squint, yet he is by no means the most ill-looking individual present. But the illustrious Governor Elliott has suffered more than anybody at the hands of the artist. Besides figuring in the production aforesaid, a statue of him stands in the Alameda, carved in some sort of wood, unluckily for him, of a durable nature. The features are of a very elevated cast, especially the nose; the little legs seem by no means equal to the task of sustaining the enormous cocked-hat; and the bearing is so excessively military, that it has been found necessary to prop the great commander from behind to prevent him from falling backwards.

My grandfather, John Flinders, joined the garrison at Gibraltar as a major of infantry a few years before the siege. He was then forty-seven years of age, and up to that time had remained one of the most determined old bachelors that ever existed. Not that he ever declaimed against matrimony in the style of some of our young moderns, who fancy themselves too strong-minded to marry; the truth being that they remain single either because they have not been gifted by nature with tastes sufficiently strong to like one woman better than another, or else, because no woman ever took the trouble to lay siege to them. My grandfather had never married, simply, I believe, because matri-

mony had never entered his head. He seldom ventured, of his own choice, into ladies' society, but, when he did, no man was more emphatically gallant to the sex. One after one, he saw his old friends abandoning the irresponsible ease of bachelorhood for the cares of wedded life; but while he duly congratulated them on their felicity, and officiated as godfather to their progeny, he never seemed to anticipate a similar destiny for himself. All his habits showed that he had been too long accustomed to single harness to go cleverly as one of a pair. He had particular hours of rising, and going to bed; of riding out and returning; of settling himself down for the evening to a book and pipe, which the presence of a helpmate would have materially deranged. And, therefore, without holding any Malthusian tenets, without pitying his Benedick acquaintances, or entertaining a thought of the sex which would have been in the least degree derogatory to the character of a De Coverly, his castles in the air were never tenanted by any of his own posterity.

It was fortunate for my grandfather that in his time people did not suffer so much as now from that chronic inflammation of the conscience, which renders them perfectly miserable unless they are engaged in some tangible pursuit—"improving their minds," or "adding to the general stock of information." A more useless, contented person never existed. He never made even a show of employing himself profitably, and never complained of weariness in maintaining the monotonous jog-trot of his simple daily life. He read a good deal, certainly, but it was not to improve his mind, only to amuse himself. Strong-minded books, to stimulate his thinking faculties, would have had no charms for him; he would as soon have thought of getting galvanized for the pleasure of looking at his muscles. And I don't know whether it was not just as well. In systematically cultivating his mind, he would merely have been laying a top-dressing on a thin soil—manuring where there would never have been a crop—and some pleasant old weeds would have been pulled up in the process. A green thistle common, even though a goose could hardly find sustenance there, is nature still, which can hardly be said of a patch of earth covered with guano.

So my grandfather went on enjoying himself without remorse after his own fashion, and never troubled himself to think—an operation that would have been inconvenient to himself, and productive of no great results to the world. He transplanted his English habits to Gibraltar; and, after being two years there, knew nothing more of Spain or Spaniards than the view of the Andalusian hills from the rock, and a short constitutional daily ride along the beach beyond the Spanish lines, to promote appetite and digestion, afforded him. And so he might have continued to vegetate during the remainder of his service there, but for a new acquaintance that he made about this time.

Frank Owen, commonly called Garry Owen by his familiars, was one of those joyous spirits whose pleasant faces and engaging manners serve as a perpetual act of indemnity for all breaches of decorum, and trespasses over social and conventional fences, committed by them in the gayety of their hearts. In reproving his many derelictions of military duty, the grim colonel of the regiment would insensibly exchange his habitual tone of severe displeasure for one of mild remonstrance—influenced, probably, quite as much, in secret, by

the popularity of the unrepentant offender, as by any personal regard for him. Captain Hedgehog, who had shot a man through the heart for corking his face one night when he was drunk, and all contact with whose detonating points of honor was as carefully avoided by his acquaintance as if they had been the wires of a spring-gun, sustained Garry's reckless personalities with a sort of warning growl utterly thrown away upon the imperturbable wag, who would still persist, in the innocence of his heart, in playing round the den of this military cockatrice. And three months after his arrival in Gibraltar, being one day detected by a fierce old Spanish lady in the very act of kissing her daughter behind the little señorita's great painted fan, his good-humored impudence converted the impending storm into a mild drizzle of reproof, ending in his complete restoration to favor.

This youth had brought with him from England a letter from his mother, a widow lady, an old friend of my grandfather, who had some thirty years before held with her a juvenile flirtation. It recommended to his protection her son Frank, about to join the regiment as an ensign, pathetically enlarging on the various excellencies, domestic and religious, which shone forth conspicuously in the youth's character, and of the comfort of contemplating and superintending which she was about to be deprived. In fact, it had led my grandfather to expect a youth of extreme docility and modesty, requiring a protector rather to embolden than to restrain him. After in vain attempting to espy in his young acquaintance any of the characteristics ascribed to him in his mother's letter, the major, naturally good-natured and accessible to his youthful comrades, very soon suffered himself to be influenced by the good-humor, vigorous vitality, and careless cleverness of the ensign, to an extent that caused him sometimes to wonder secretly at his own transformation. His retired habits were broken in upon, one after the other, till he had scarcely a secluded hour in his sixteen waking ones to enjoy alone his book and his pipe. His peaceful quarters, silent, in general, as a monk's cell, would now be invaded at all sorts of hours by the jovial Garry, followed by the admiring satellites who usually revolved around him; and the major, with a sound between a groan and a chuckle, would close his well-beloved volume to listen to the facetious details of, and sometimes to participate in, the uncongenial freaks of the humorous subaltern. Once he had actually consented, at about the hour he usually went to bed, to accompany the youth to a Carnival ball—one of a series of entertainments at which the Catholic youth of the city are wont to indemnify themselves for the mortifications of Lent, and where masks, dominoes, and fancy dresses lend their aid to defeat the vigilance of the lynx-eyed duennas and mammas who look anxiously on, perfectly aware, in general, that their own watchfulness is more to be relied on for nipping in the bud an indiscreet amour, than any innate iciness of temperament or austere propriety in the objects of their care. Not only did the major mingle in the scene, but he actually, about midnight, found himself figuring in a cotillon with a well-developed señorita of thirteen years, whose glances and deportment showed a precocious proficiency in the arts of flirtation. At this ball Garry had become enamored beyond all former passions (and they were numerous and inconstant, in general, as if he had been a Grand Turk) of one of his partners, a young Spanish lady. Her graceful figure and

motions in the dance had at first captivated him—and when, after dancing with her himself, his eloquent entreaties, delivered in indifferent Spanish, had prevailed on her to lift her mask for one coy moment, the vision of eyes and eyebrows, the common beauties of a Spanish countenance, and the clear rosy complexion, a much more rare perfection, then revealed, had accomplished the utter subjugation of his errant fancy. She had vanished from the ball silently and irremediably, as a houri of Paradise from the awakening eyes of an opium-eating pacha; and all his attempts to trace her, continued unceasingly for a couple of months afterwards, had proved in vain.

One morning my grandfather was seated at breakfast in the verandah of his quarters, situated high up the rock above the town. Below him lay the roofs, terraced and balconied, and populous with cats, for whose convenience the little flat stone squares at the top of most of the houses appeared to have been devised. Tall towers called mirandas shot up at intervals, from whose summits the half-baked inhabitants, pent within close walls and streets, might catch refreshing glimpses of the blue sea and the hills of Spain—conveniences destined soon afterwards to be ruined by the enemy's fire, or pulled down to avoid attracting it, and never rebuilt. Beyond the white sunny ridge of the line wall came the sharp edge of the bay, rising in high perspective to the purple coast of Spain opposite, which was sprinkled with buildings white as the sails that dotted the water. My grandfather was in a state of great sensual enjoyment, sniffing up the odor of the large geranium bushes that grew in clumps in the little garden in front, and the roses that twined thickly round the trellis of the vine-roofed verandah; sipping thick creamy Spanish chocolate between the mouthfuls of red mullet, broiled in white paper, the flavor of which he was diligently comparing with that of some specimens of the same fish which he remembered to have eaten in his youth in Devonshire; and glancing sideways over the cup at an open volume of Shakspeare, leaned slopingly on the edge of a plate of black figs bursting with ripeness, like trunk hose slashed with crimson. The major was none of your skimming readers, who glance through a work of art as if it were a newspaper—measure, weigh it, and deliver a critical opinion on it, before the more reverential student has extricated himself from the toils of the first act or opening chapter; not he; he read every word, and affixed a meaning, right or wrong, to all the hard, obsolete ones. The dramatic fitness of the characters was not to be questioned by him, any more than that of the authentic personages of history. He would reason on their acts and proceedings as on those of his own intimate acquaintances. He never could account for Hamlet's madness otherwise than by supposing the prince must have, some time or other, got an ugly rap on the head—let fall, perhaps, when a baby, by a gin-drinking nurse—producing as in some persons he had himself from time to time been acquainted with, a temporary aberration of the wits; a piece of original criticism that has not occurred to any of the other commentators on this much-discussed point. Of Iago he has recorded an opinion in an old notebook still extant, where his observations appear in indifferent orthography, and ink yellow with age, that he was a cursed scoundrel—an opinion delivered with all the emphasis of an original detector of crime, anxious that full though tardy justice

should be done to the delinquent's memory. But his great favorite was Falstaff: "A wonderful clever fellow, sir," he would say, "and no more a coward than you or I, sir."

My grandfather proceeded slowly with his meal, holding the cup to his lips with one hand and turning a leaf with the other—an operation which he was delaying till a great mosquito-hawk, (a beautiful brown moth mottled like a pheasant,) that had settled on the page, should think proper to take flight. He had lately come from a parade, as was evidenced by his regimental leather breeches and laced red waistcoat; but a chintz dressing-gown and a pair of yellow Moorish slippers softened down the warlike tone of these garments to one more congenial with his peaceable and festive pursuits. Presently the garden door opened, and a well-known step ascended to the verandah. Frank Owen, dressed in a cool Spanish costume, advanced, and stopping three paces from the major, took off his tufted sombrero and made a low bow.

"You are the picture, my dear sir," he said, "of serene enjoyment slightly tinged with sensuality. But how long, may I ask, have you taken to breakfasting on spiders?"—pointing, as he took a chair opposite the major, at an immense red-spotted one that had dropt from the ceiling on the morsel my grandfather was in the act of conveying to his mouth.

The major tenderly removed the insect by a leg.

"'T is the worst of these al-fresco meals, Frank," said he. "Yesterday I cut a green lizard in two that had got on my plate, mistaking him for a bit of salad—being, as usual, more intent on my book than my food—and had very near swallowed the tail-half of the unfortunate animal."

"There are worse things than lizards in the world," quoth Garry. "Ants, I should say, were certainly less wholesome"—and he directed the major's attention to a long black line of those interesting creatures issuing from a hole in the pavement, passing in an unbroken series up my ancestor's left leg, the foot of which rested on the ground, then traversing the cloth, and terminating at the loaf, the object of their expedition.

"Bless me," said the major, as he rose and shook his breeches gently free from the marauders, "I must be more careful, or I shall chance to do myself a mischief. But they're worst at night. I've been obliged to leave off reading here in the evenings, for it went to my heart to see the moths scorching their pretty gauzy wings in the candle till the wicks were half-choked with them."

"Do you know, major," said Owen, gravely, "that either this insect diet, or the sedentary life you lead, is making you quite fat, and utterly destroying the symmetry of your figure? In another week there will be one unbroken line of rotundity from your chin to your knees."

My grandfather glanced downward at his waistcoat. "No, my boy, no," said he; "if there had been any difference, I should have known it by my clothes. I don't think I've gained a pound this twelvemonth."

"More than a stone," quoth Garry. "We all remarked it on parade to-day—and remarked it with sorrow. Now, look you, a sea voyage is the very thing to restore your true proportions, and I propose that we shall take a short one together."

"A sea voyage!" quoth my grandfather; "the boy is mad! Not if all the wonders seen by Sinbad the sailor lay within a day's sail. Did I not suffer enough coming here from England? I don't

think," said my grandfather with considerable pathos, "that my digestion has ever been quite right to this day."

"'Sick of a calm,' eh?—Like your friend Mistress Tearsheet," said the youngster. "But I've settled it all, and count on you. Look here," he continued, drawing from his pocket a large printed bill, and unfolding it before my ancestor. At the top appeared in large capitals the words, "Plaza de Toros;" and underneath was a woodcut representing a bull, gazing, with his tail in the air, and an approving smile on his countenance, on the matadore about to transfix him. Then followed a glowing account in Spanish of the delights of a great bull-fight shortly to take place at Cadiz, setting forth the ferocity of the bulls, the number of horses that might be expected to die in the arena, and the fame of the picadores and espadas who were then and there to exhibit.

The major shook his head—the captivating prospectus had no charms for him; he had not, as I have before said, an inquiring mind, and habit was so strong in him that a change was like the dislocation of a joint. The ensign proceeded to paint the delights of the excursion in the brightest colors he could command. They were to go to Cadiz in a boat which he had lately bought—she was a capital sailer—there was a half-deck forward, under which the major might sleep as comfortably as in his own bed—a cooking apparatus, (and here, as he expatiated on the grills and stews and devils that were to be cooked and eaten, with the additional stimulus to appetite afforded by sea air, there was a spark of relenting in my grandfather's eye.) "You shall return," said the tempter, "with a digestion so completely renovated, that my name shall rise to your tongue at each meal as a grace before meat, and a thanksgiving after it; and as to seasickness, why, this Levanter will take us there in twelve hours, so smoothly that you may balance a straw upon your nose the whole way." Finally, the cunning ensign laid before him an application for leave already made out, and only awaiting his signature.

My grandfather made some feeble objections, which Owen pooh-poohed in his usual off-hand fashion. There was no standing against the youngster's strong will, that, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all opposition, and at five o'clock that same evening the major found himself proceeding through the town towards the Waterport for embarkation, by no means fully reconciled to the abandonment of his beloved Lares. My luckless grandfather! did no presentiment warn you of a consequence then hanging in the clouds, that was to change utterly for you the untroubled aspect of those household gods!

Owen had attired himself for the trip in a half-nautical costume—a shirt of light-blue flannel, fastened at the collar with a smart bandana, a blue jacket, loose duck trousers, and a montero cap, which costume became the puppy well enough. He seemed of this opinion himself, as he walked gayly along beside the major; so did the black-eyed occupants of many houses on each side, who peeped forth smilingly from behind their green lattices, sometimes nodding and kissing their hands—for the ensign had an incredible acquaintance with the budding and full-blown portion of the population of Gibraltar. The major had stuck to his buck-skins, (which stuck to him in return,) over which he had drawn a pair of jack boots, and wore his red-laced coat and regimental hat—for in those days that passion for muffs, now so prevalent in the army, did

not exist. Whenever he caught sight of any of the greetings bestowed from the windows, he would take off his laced hat, and, fixing his eyes on the tittering señorita, who generally let fall the lattice with a slam, would make her a low bow—and, after each of these acts of courtesy, my grandfather walked on more elated than before.

They passed the drawbridge at Waterport, and, struggling through the crowd of Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics, who usually throng the quay, entered a shore-boat that was to row them out to where Owen's vessel—the *Fair Unknown*, as he had christened her, in memory of his unforgotten partner at the Carnival ball—lay moored. In her they found a sailor who was to accompany them on their voyage—a noted contrabandista, called Francisco, whose friendship Owen had lately acquired, and who acted as his lieutenant on his marine excursions. The boat was a neat affair—a small cutter, smartly painted, well found, and capable of holding several persons comfortably; and Francisco was a ruddy, portly, dark-skinned, large-whiskered son of the sea, the picture of good-humor. My grandfather stepped in, in his jack-boots. There was much settling of carpet-bags and stowing of provisions in the lockers, and then they hoisted sail, and glided smoothly out from among the shipping into the bay.

The breeze was light and fair, and they went on, as Frank had promised, pleasantly enough. My grandfather for the first time surveyed the scene of his two years' residence from the sea. The gray old rock looked mellow in the evening light, as an elderly gentleman over his wine—the window-panes glanced ruddily, the walls gleamed whitely, and the trees were tinted with a yellow green; behind, in the eastern sky, floated one single purple cloud. As the objects became confused in the distance, the sharp rugged outline of the rock assumed the appearance that has caused the Spaniards to call it *El Cuerpo*—the appearance of a vast human body laid out on its back, and covered with a winding-sheet, like a dead Titan on his funeral pile—the head towards Spain, the chest arched at Middle Hill, the legs rising gently upward to the knees at O'Hara's Tower, and then sloping down till the feet rest on Europa. The sun went down as they rounded Cabrita Point, and the breeze, freshening, took them swiftly along under the huge hills that rise abruptly upward from the Spanish coast. Then Francisco, lighting a charcoal fire, placed thereon, in a frying-pan, tender steaks thickly strewn with sliced tomatoes and onions, from whence arose a steam that brought tears of gratitude and delight into my grandfather's eyes. He anxiously watched the cooking—even threw out slight suggestions, such as another pinch of pepper, an additional onion, a slight dash of cayenne, and the like; and then, settling a plate firmly on the knees of his jack-boots, with a piece of bread and a cup by his side, and a knife and fork pointing upwards in his hands like lightning conductors, gazed cheerfully around him. And when Francisco, rising from his knees, where he had been blowing the charcoal fire, removed the hissing pan towards my grandfather's plate, transferring to it a liberal portion of the contents, the good man, gazing on the white and red streaks of vegetable relieved by the brown background of steak, and the whole picture swimming in a juicy atmosphere of gravy, felt sentiments of positive friendship towards that lawless individual, and, filling a bumper of Xeres, drank success to the voyage.

Three times was my grandfather's plate replenished from the thrice-filled pan. Afterwards he dallied a little with a cold pie, followed by a bit of cheese for digestion. Then folding his hands across his stomach, he expressed his sincere opinion, that he had never tasted anything so good as that steak; and when Owen placed in his hand a smoking can of grog, he looked on the young man with a truly paternal eye. He talked complacently and benevolently, as men do who have dined well—praised the weather, the boat, the scene—and wondered where a man was going who rode slowly along a mountain path above them, within hail, following him, in imagination, to his home, in a sort of dreamy contentment. After a second can he began to grow drowsy, and, just aware that Owen said the breeze was still freshening, retired to the soft mattress spread for him under the half-deck, and replacing his cocked hat by a red night-cap, slept till morning.

It was broad daylight when he woke, conscious that for an hour or two past he had been sleeping most uneasily. There was a violent swinging motion, a rushing of wind and of water, that confused him extremely; and, forgetting where he was, he nearly fractured his skull by rising suddenly into a sitting posture. Steadying himself on his hands, in the posture of the Dying Gladiator, he slewed himself round on the pivot of his stern, and protruded his powdered head, like an old beaver, out of his hole. Owen and Francisco were sitting in a pool of water, trying to shelter themselves under the weather side of the boat—dripping wet, and breakfasting on cold potatoes, and fragments of meat left from last night's meal. My grandfather did not like the appearance of things at all. Rent in twain by horrible qualms, he inquired feebly of Owen if they were near Cadiz. Frank, in reply, shook his head, and said they were at anchor. Then my grandfather, making a vigorous effort, emerged completely from his place of repose, and, rising to his feet, looked over the gunwale. The scene he beheld was in dreary contrast to that of the evening before. Ridges of white foam were all around—ahead was a long low line of sandy coast, terminating in a point of rock whereon stood a lighthouse; and to leeward the bay was enclosed by steep hills. Over the low coast line the wind blew with steady violence. A bright sun rather increased the dreariness of the prospect, which was suddenly closed to my grandfather by a shower of spray, that blinded him, and drenched him to the skin, converting his jack-boots into buckets. The wind had increased to a gale during the night, and they had been forced to take precarious shelter in the harbor of Tarifa. The major did not venture on a second peep, but sat, dismally wet and seasick, the whole morning, trying to shelter himself as he best could. Once, a man came down to the beach, and gesticulated like a scaramouch, screaming also at the same time; but what his gestures and screams signified nobody on board could tell. At length, as the gale did not moderate, while their position increased in discomfort, and was also becoming precarious, (for one of their anchors was gone, and great fears were entertained for the other,) Owen and Francisco decided to weigh, and stand in for the shore, trusting to the smuggler's seamanship for a safe run. The major, in spite of his sickness, stood up and pulled gallantly at the cable, the wind blowing his pigtail and skirts perpendicularly out from his person. At last, after tremendous tugging, the anchor came up. The

jib was hoisted with a reef in it, Owen holding the sheet, while the smuggler ran aft and took the helm. They bent over to the gale, till the major stood almost perpendicular on the lee gunwale, with his back against the weather-side, and ran in till he thought they were going to bump ashore; then tacking, they stood up along the coast, close to the wind, till Francisco gave the word. Owen let go the sheet, and the jib fluttered loosely out as they ran through a narrow passage into smooth water behind the sea-wall, and made fast to a flight of steps.

Presently some functionary appertaining to the harbor appeared, and with him an emissary from the governor of the place, who, aware of their plight, had civilly sent to offer assistance. The messenger was the same man who had made signals to them from the beach in the morning; and he seemed to think it advisable that they should wait on the governor in person, saying that he was always disposed to be civil to British officers. This advice they resolved to act upon at once, before it should grow dark, foreseeing that, in case of their detention from bad weather in Tarifa, the governor might prove a potent auxiliary. The major would have wished to make some little alteration in his toilette, after his late disasters; but, after trying in vain to pull off his jack-boots, which clung to him like his skin, he was obliged to abandon the idea, and contented himself with standing on his head to let the water run out of them. As they advanced along the causeway leading to the town, (the point where they landed is connected with the town by a long narrow sandy isthmus,) the gale swept over them volumes of sand, which, sticking to my grandfather's wet uniform, gave him somewhat the appearance of a brick-wall partially rough-cast. His beard was of two days' growth—his hair-powder was converted into green paste by the sea-water—and his whole appearance travel-stained and deplorable. Nevertheless his dignity by no means forsook him, as they traversed the narrow alleys of the ancient town of Tarifa, on their way to the approaching interview.

His excellency Don Pablo Dotto, a wonderfully fat little man, received them very courteously. He was a Spaniard of the old school, and returned the stately greeting of my grandfather, and the easy one of the ensign, with such a profusion of bows, that for the space of a minute they saw little more of his person than the shining baldness on the top of his head. Then they were presented to his wife, a good-natured, motherly sort of old lady, who seemed to compassionate them much. But, while Owen was explaining to her the object of their trip, and its disastrous interruption, he suddenly stopped, open-mouthed, and blushing violently, with his gaze directed towards the open door of a neighboring apartment. There he beheld, advancing towards him, the Beauty of the Carnival ball.

The governor's lady named her as "her daughter, the Señorita Juana." Spite of the different dress and circumstances, she, too, recognized Frank, and colored slightly as she came forward to receive his greeting. The ensign, an impudent scamp enough in general, was, however, the more confused of the two; and his embarrassed salutation was entirely thrown into the shade by the magnificence of my grandfather's bow. However, he presently recovered his assurance, and explained to the elder lady how he had previously enjoyed the pleasure (with a great stress upon the word) of making her

daughter's acquaintance. Then he recounted to Juana the manner in which they had been driven in here, when on their way to Cadiz to see the bull-fight.

"We also are going to ride thither to-morrow," said the Señorita, softly.

"Ah, then, we shall meet there," said Frank, who presently after was seized with a fit of absence, and made incoherent replies. He was considering how they might travel together, and had almost resolved to offer to take the whole family to Cadiz in his boat—a proposal that would probably have somewhat astonished the little governor, especially if he had seen the dimensions of the craft thus destined to accommodate himself and retinue. But Garry was an adept in manœuvring, and marched skilfully upon the point he had in view. He drew such a pathetic picture of the hardships they had endured on the voyage—their probable detention here for most of their short leave—their friendless condition, and their desire to see something of the country—that the little governor was in a manner impelled (fancying all the time that the impulse sprang altogether from his own native benevolence) to desire that the two forlorn Englishmen would travel to Cadiz under his escort. So it being settled entirely to Garry's satisfaction that they were to start next morning at break of day on horseback—an arrangement which my grandfather's total ignorance of Spanish prevented him from knowing anything about—they retired to the principal fonda, where the major speedily forgot, over a tolerable dinner, the toils and perils of the voyage.

CHAPTER II.

DAYBREAK the next morning found them issuing forth from the ancient city of Tarifa on a couple of respectable-looking hacks, hired from the inn-keeper. Frank had, with his accustomed generalship, managed to secure a position at the off-rein of the Señorita Juana, who was mounted on a beautiful little white barb. Under her side-saddle, of green velvet studded with gilt nails, was a Moorish saddle-cloth, striped with vivid red and white, and fringed deeply. From the throat-lash of the bridle hung a long tassel, as an artificial auxiliary to the barb's tail in the task of keeping the flies off, further assisted by a tuft of white horse-hair attached to the butt of her whip. She wore a looped hat and white plume, a riding-skirt, and an embroidered jacket of blue cloth, fastened, as was the wrought bosom of her chemise, with small gold buttons. Frank could not keep his eyes off her, now riding off to the further side of the road to take in at once the whole of the beauteous vision, now coming close up to study it in its delightful details.

In front of the pair rode the little governor, side by side with a Spaniard of about thirty, the long-betrothed lover of Juana—so long, in fact, that he did not trouble himself to secure his authority in a territory so undeniably his own, but smoked his cigar as coolly as if there were no good-looking Englishman within fifty miles of his mistress. He wore garments of the Spanish cut, made of nankeen—the jacket frogged with silver cords, tagged with little silver fishes—the latter appended, perhaps, as suitable companions to the frogs. A hundred yards ahead was an escort of four horse-soldiers with carbines on their thighs, their steel accoutrements flashing ruddily in the level sunlight. Behind Frank came Major Flinders, clean shaved, and with jack-boots and regimental coat restored to something like their pristine splendor; by his side

rode another lady, the Señorita Carlota, Juana's aunt, somewhere about thirty years old, plump and merry, her upper lip fringed at the corners with a line of dark down, quite decided enough for a cornet of eighteen to be proud of—a feminine embellishment too common for remark in these southern regions, and, in the opinion of some connoisseurs, rather enhancing the beauty of the fair wearers. She talked incessantly, at first, to my grandfather, who did not understand a word she said, but whose native politeness prompted him to say, "Si Señorita," to everything—sometimes laying at the same moment his hand on his heart, and bowing with considerable grace. Behind this pair came another interesting couple—viz., two servants on mules, with great saddle-bags stuffed to extreme corpulence with provisions.

It was a glorious morning—a gentle breeze sweeping on their faces as they mounted the hills, but dying into silence in the deep valleys, fresh, and glistening with dew. Sometimes they rode along a rocky common, yellowed with a flowering shrub-like furze—sometimes through unfenced fields—sometimes along broad plains, where patches of blossoming beans made the air rich with scent, and along which they galloped full speed, the governor standing high in the stirrups of his demi-pique, the Señorita's white barb arching his neck till his muzzle touched his chest under the pressure of the long bit, and my grandfather prancing somewhat uneasily on his hard-mouthed Spanish entero, whose nose was, for the most part, projected horizontally in the air. The major was not a first-rate seat—he rode with a long stirrup, his heel well down, his leg straight, and slanting a little forward, body upright, and elbows back, as may be seen in the plates to ancient works on equitation—a posture imposing enough, but not safe across country; galloping deranged it materially, for the steed was hard-mouthed, and required a long, strong pull, with the body back, and a good purchase on the stirrups. The animal had a most voracious appetite, quite overcoming his sense of what was due to his rider; and, on seeing a tuft of juicy grass, down went his nose, drawing my grandfather, by means of the tight reins, well over the pommel. On these occasions, the major, feeling resistance to be in vain, would sit looking easily about him, feigning to be absorbed in admiration of the prospect—which was all very well, where there was a prospect to look at, but wore a less plausible appearance when the animal paused in a hollow between two hedges, or ran his nose into a barn-door. But whenever this happened, Carlota, instead of half-smothering a laugh, as a mischievous English girl would, ten to one, have done, sat most patiently till the major and his steed came to an understanding, and would greet him, as they moved on again, with a good-natured smile, that won her, each time, a higher place in his estimation.

Thus they proceeded till the sun rose high in the heavens, when, on reaching a grove on the edge of one of the plains, they halted under a huge cork-tree, near which ran a rivulet. The cavalcade dismounted—the horses were tethered, the mules disburthened of the saddle-bags, and the contents displayed under the tree; horse-cloths and cloaks were spread around on the ground and a fire of dry sticks was lit on the edge of the stream with such marvellous celerity that, before my grandfather had time to take more than a hasty survey of the eatables, after seating himself on the root of a tree, a cup of steaming chocolate was placed in his hand.

"Confess, major," said Garry, speaking with his mouth full of sausage, "that a man may lose some of the pleasures of existence by leading the life of a hermit. Don't you feel grateful to me for dragging you out of your cobweb to such a pleasant place as this?"

"T is an excellent breakfast," said my grandfather, who had just assisted the Señorita Carlota to a slice of turkey's breast, and himself to an entire leg and thigh—dividing with her, at the same time, a crisp white loaf, having a handle like a teapot or smoothing-iron—"and my appetite is really very good. I should be perfectly easy if I could only understand the remarks of this very agreeable lady, and make suitable replies."

"Let me interpret your sentiments," said Garry; "and though I may not succeed in conveying them in their original force and poetry, yet they shall lose as little as possible in transmission. Just try me—what would you wish to say?"

"Why, really," said my grandfather, pondering, "I had a great many things to say as we came along, but they've gone out of my head. Do you think she ever read Shakspeare?"

"Not a chance of it," said Owen.

Here the señorita laughingly appealed to Frank to know what my grandfather was saying about her.

"Ah," quoth my grandfather, quoting his friend Shakspeare—

I understand thy looks—the pretty Spanish
Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens
I am not perfect in —

She's an extremely agreeable woman, Frank, I'll be sworn, if one only understood her," quoth my grandfather, casting on her a glance full of gallantry.

The ensign was not so entirely occupied in prosecuting his own love affair as to be insensible to the facilities afforded him for amusing himself at the major's expense. Accordingly, he made a speech in Spanish to Carlota, purporting to be a faithful translation of my grandfather's, but teeming, in fact, with the most romantic expressions of chivalrous admiration, as was apparent from the frequent recurrence of the words "ojos," (eyes,) "corazon," (heart,) and the like amatory currency.

"There, major," said the interpreter, as he finished; "I've told her what you said of her."

The major endorsed the compliments by laying his hand upon his heart, and bowing with a tender air. Whereupon Carlota, laughing, and blushing a deeper red, made her acknowledgments.

"She says," quoth Frank, "that she knew the English before to be a gallant nation; but that if all the caballeros (that's gentlemen) of that favored race are equal to the present specimen, her own countrymen must be thrown entirely into the shade."

"Delightful!" cried my grandfather; but it is doubtful whether this expression of pleasure was called forth by the sentiments attributed to the Señorita, or by the crisp succulent tenderness of a mouthful of sucking-pig which was at that moment spreading itself over his palate.

Following up his idea, the mischievous ensign continued to diversify the graver pursuit of prosecuting his own suit with Juana, by impressing Carlota and the major with the idea that each was favorably impressed with the other. In this he was tolerably successful—the speeches he made to Carlota, supposed to originate with my grandfa-

ther, had a very genuine warmth about them, being, in fact, very often identical with those he had just been making, under immediate inspiration, to his own divinity; while as for the major, it would have been an insult to the simplicity of that worthy man's nature to exert any great ingenuity in deceiving him; it would have been like setting a trap for a snail. So they journeyed on, highly pleased with each other, and occasionally, in the absence of their faithful interpreter, conversed by means of smiles and courteous gesticulations, till my grandfather felt entirely at his ease, and was almost sorry when on the evening of the second day they got to Cadiz.

CHAPTER III.

A whole city full of people condensed into one broad amphitheatre, all bearing a national resemblance to each other in countenance and costume, all apparently animated by the same spirit—for nothing could be more unanimous than the applause which greeted a favorite smilingly crossing the arena, the abuse which overwhelmed an object offensive to the eye of the many-headed, or the ridicule which descended in a joyous uproarious flood on the hapless individual in whose appearance, dress, or manner, anything was detected calculated to appeal to the highly-sensitive risible faculty of a Spanish assembly;—a gay and picturesque mixture of colors, waving and tossing like a garden in a breeze, as the masses of white mantillas, heads black as coal, decorated with flowers and green leaves, red sashes, tufted sombreros, and yellow gaiters, with here and there a blue-and-white soldier standing stiffly up, were agitated by each new emotion—such was the scene that met the eyes of our travellers on entering the bull-ring at Cadiz before the sport commenced.

My grandfather had made his entry in spectacles—appendages highly provocative of the public mirth—and had looked wonderingly for a minute or two through the obnoxious glasses on a sea of faces upturned, sideturned, and downturned, all looking at him, and all shouting some indistinguishable chorus; while the men beat time, each with the long, forked, painted stick, without which no Spaniard possessing sentiments of propriety ever comes to a bull-fight, in a manner most embarrassing to a somewhat bashful stranger, till their attention was luckily diverted to an unhappy man in a white hat, in derision of whom they immediately sang a song, the burden of which was “*El de sombrero blanco*,” (he of the white hat,) the multitude conducting itself throughout like one man.

My grandfather and his friends occupied a distinguished position in a box high above the multitude, and near that of the *alcalde*. The *Señorita Juana* looked more lovely than ever in white dress, over which flowed a white gauzy mantilla, giving a kind of misty indistinctness to the wavy outlines of her figure, and the warm tint of her neck and arms. From her masses of black hair peeped one spot of vivid white, a rosebud; and a green plumed leaf, a favorite ornament with Spanish girls, drooped, bending, and soft as a feather, on one side of her gold-and-tortoise shell comb. The major sat beside *Carlota*, who, naturally frank, and looking upon him now as an old acquaintance, would tap his arm most bewitchingly with her fan, when she wanted to direct his attention to anything of interest. So the major sat by her all gallantry and smiles, gazing about him with wonder through the double gold eyeglass, which still, in spite of the

late expression of popular feeling, bestrid his nose. He looked with the interest of a child at everything—at the faces and dresses around him, distinct in their proximity, and at those, confused in their details by distance, on the opposite side of the arena. He shared in the distress of an unfortunate person (a contractor for bulls, who had palmed some bad ones on the public) who tried, as he walked conspicuously across the ring, to smile off a torrent of popular execration about as successfully as a lady might attempt to ward off Niagara with her parasol, and who was, as it were, washed out at an opposite door, drenched and sodden with jeers. And when the folding-gates were opened, and the gay procession entered, my grandfather gazed on it with delight, and shouted “*Bravo!*” as enthusiastically as if he had been an habitual frequenter of bull-rings from his earliest youth. First came the *espadas* or *mata-dores*, their hair clubbed behind like a woman's, dressed in bright-colored jackets, and breeches seamed with broad silver lace, white stockings, shoes fastened with immense rosettes, and having their waists girt with silk sashes, bearing on their arms the blood-colored cloaks that were to lure the bull upon the sword-point. Next followed *chulos*, similarly attired; then the *picadores*, riding stiffly, with padded legs, on their doomed steeds; and mules, whose office it was to drag off the dead bulls and horses, harnessed three abreast as in classic chariots, and almost hidden under a mass of gay housings, closed the procession. Marching across the middle of the ring to the *alcalde's* box, they requested permission to begin, and, it being granted, the *picadores* stationed themselves at equal distances from each other round the circumference of the arena. Then, at a signal from the *alcalde*, two trumpeters in scarlet, behind him, stood up and sounded—a man, standing with his hand ready on a bolt in a door underneath, drew it, and pulled the door swiftly back, shutting himself into a niche, as the dark space thus opened was filled by the formidable figure of a bull, who, with glancing horns and tail erect, bounded out, and, looking around during one fierce brief pause, made straight at the first *picador*. The cavalier, standing straight in his stirrups, his lance tucked firmly under his arm, fixed the point fairly in the shoulder of the brute, who, never pausing for that, straightway upset man and horse. Then my grandfather might be seen stretching far over the front of his box, his eyes staring on the prostrate *picador*, and his hands clenched above his head, while he shouted, “*By the Lord, sir, he'll be killed!*” And when a *chulo*, darting alongside, waved his cloak before the bull's eyes and lured him away, the major drawing a long breath, turned to a calm Spaniard beside him, and said, “*By heaven, sir, 't was the mercy of Providence!*”—but the Spaniard, taking his cigar from his mouth, and expelling the smoke through his nostrils, merely said, “*Bien está.*” (‘t is very well.) Meanwhile, the bull (who, like his predecessor in the china-shop, seemed to have it all his own way) had run his horn into the heart of the second horse, and the *picador*, perceiving from the shivering of the wounded creature that the hurt was mortal, dismounted in all haste, while the horse, giving one long, blundering stagger, fell over and died, and was immediately stripped of his accoutrements. This my grandfather did n't like at all; but, seeing no kindred disgust in the faces round him, he nerved himself, considering that it was a soldier's business to look on wounds and

death. He even beheld, with tolerable firmness, the spectacle of a horse dashing blindfold and riderless, and mad with fear and pain, against the barrier—rebounding whence to the earth with a broken shoulder, it was forced again on its three legs, and led stumbling from the ring. But when he saw another horse raised to its feet, and, all ripped open as it was, spurred to a second assault, the major, who had n't the heart himself to hurt a fly, could stand it no longer, but, feeling unwell, retired precipitately from the scene. On reaching the door, he wrote over the same, with a bit of chalk, part of the speech of Henry V., "the royal imp of fame," to his soldiers at Agincourt:—

He that hath not stomach for the fight,
Let him depart—

to the great astonishment of the two Spanish sentries, who gazed on the words as if they contained a magical spell.

Frank sat till it was over—"played out the play." Not that he saw much of the fight, however; he had eyes and speech for nothing but Juana, and was able to indulge his *penchant* without interruption, as the little governor took great interest in the fight, and the lover with the silver fishes was a connoisseur in the sport, and laid bets on the number of horses that each particular bull would kill with great accuracy. So the ensign had it all his own way, and, being, by no means, the sort of person to throw away this or any other opportunity with which fortune might favor him, got on quite as well, probably, as you or I might have done in his place.

Leaving Cadiz next morning, they resumed the order of march they had adopted in coming—Don Pablo riding, as before, in front with the knight of the silver fishes, discussing with him the incidents of the bull-ring. The old gentleman, though very courteous when addressing the two Englishmen, had but little to say to them—neither did he trouble himself to talk much to the ladies; and when he did, a sharp expression would sometimes slip out, convincing Owen that he was something of a domestic tyrant in private—a character by no means inconsistent with the blandest demeanor in public. The ensign was at great pains to encourage the major to be gracious to Carlota. "Get a little more tropical in your looks, major," he would say; "these Spanish ladies are not accustomed to frigid glances. She's desperately in love with you—pity she can't express what she feels; and she might n't like to trust an interpreter with her sentiments."

"Pooh, nonsense, boy," said the major, coloring with pleasure, "she does n't care for an old fellow like me."

"Does n't she—see what her eyes say—that's what I call ocular demonstration," quoth the ensign. "If you don't return it, you're a stock, a stone." Then he would say something to Carlota, causing her eyes to sparkle, and canter on to rejoin Juana.

It was genial summer-time with Carlota—she had passed the age of maiden diffidence, without having attained that of soured and faded spinsterhood. She had a sort of jovial confidence in herself, and an easy demeanor towards the male sex, such as is seen in widows. These supposed advances of the major were accordingly met by her rather more than half-way. None but the major was permitted to assist her into the saddle, or to receive her plump form descending from it. None

but the major was beckoned to her rein when the path was broken and perilous, or caught on his protecting arm the pressure of her outstretched hand, when her steed stumbled over the loose pebbles. None was repaid for a slight courtesy by so many warm, confiding smiles as he. These following fast one on another, began to penetrate the rusty casing of the major's heart. On his own ground—that is, in his own quarters—he could have given battle, successfully, to a score of such insidious enemies; his books, his flowers, his pipe, his slippers, and a hundred other Penates would have encircled him; but here, with all his strong palisading of habit torn up and scattered, all his wonted trains of ideas upset and routed by the novelty of situation and scenery, he lay totally defenceless, and open to attack. The circumstance of himself and Carlota being ignorant of each other's language, far from being an obstacle to their mutual good-will, rather favored its progress. In company with an Englishwoman, in similar circumstances, my grandfather would have considered himself bound to entertain her with his conversation, and, perhaps, have spoiled all by trying to make himself agreeable—it would have been a tax on the patience of both: but being absolved from any such duty in the present instance, he could without awkwardness ride onward in full and silent communion with his own thoughts, and enjoy the pleasure of being smiled upon without being at any pains to earn it.

His note-book, containing an account of the expedition, which I have seen—and whence, indeed, the greater part of this chronicle is gathered—exhibits, at this period of the journey, sufficient proof that the major enjoyed this new state of being extremely, and felt his intellect, his heart, and his stomach at once stimulated.

"Spain," says my grandfather, in a compendious descriptive sentence, "is a country of garlicky odors, of dirty contentment, of overburthened donkeys, and of excellent pork; but a fine air in the hills, and the country much sweeter than the towns. The people don't seem to know what comfort is, or cleanliness, but are nevertheless very contented in their ignorance. My saddle is bad, I think, for I dismounted very sore to-day. The *señorita* mighty pleasant and gracious. I entertain a great regard for her—no doubt a sensible woman, as well as a handsome. A pig to-day at breakfast, the best I have tasted in Spain."

The desultory style of the composition of these notes prevents me from quoting largely from them. Statistics, incidents of travel, philosophic reflections, and the state of his digestive organs, are all chronicled indiscriminately. But, from the above mixture of sentiments, it will be perceived that the major's admiration for Carlota was of a sober nature, by no means ardent or Quixotic, and pretty much on a par with his passion for pig.

This was far from being the case with Garry, who became more and more enamored every hour. The Spanish lover continued to conduct himself as if he had been married to Juana for twenty years, never troubling himself to be particularly agreeable or attentive, for which obliging conduct Garry felt very grateful to him. The major had been too long accustomed to witness Owen's philanderings to see anything peculiar in the present case, till his attention was attracted by a little incident he accidentally witnessed. After the last halt they made before reaching Tarifa, Garry was, as usual, at hand, to assist Juana to her saddle. The strings

of her hat were untied, and he volunteered to fasten them; and, having done so, still retaining his hold of the strings, he glanced quickly around, and then drew her blooming face towards his own till their lips met—for which piece of impudence he only suffered the slight penalty of a gentle tap with her whip. My grandfather discreetly and modestly withdrew his eyes, but he was not the only observer. He of the silver fishes was regarding them with a fixed look from among some neighboring trees, where he had tethered his horse. Probably the Spaniard, with all his indifference, thought this was carrying matters a little too far, for, after conversing a moment with the governor, he took his place at Juana's side, and did not again quit it till they arrived at Tarifa. Then both he and the governor took leave of our travellers with a cold civility, defying all Garry's attempts to thaw it, and seeming to forbid all prospect of a speedy renewal of the acquaintance.

CHAPTER IV.

AT the inn, that night, the major betook himself to rest early, that he might be ready to start for Gibraltar betimes in the morning, for, on the following day, their leave was to expire.

He had slept soundly for several hours, when he was awoke by Owen, who entered with a candle in his hand. The major sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes.

"Time's up, my boy, eh?" said he, with a cavernous yawn. "I should have liked another hour of it, but it can't be helped," (preparing to turn out.)

"I did n't want to spoil your rest last night," said Owen, seating himself on the edge of the bed, "so I said nothing about a mishap that has occurred. That smuggling villain, Francisco, took advantage of our absence to fetch a contraband cargo in the boat from Gibraltar, and has been caught in attempting to run it here."

"God bless me," said my grandfather, "who would have thought it!—and he such a capital cook! But what's to be done? Where's the boat?"

"The boat is, for the present, confiscated," said Garry; "but I dare say the governor would let us have it in the morning, on explaining, and perhaps release Francisco, with the loss of his cargo; but—but—in fact, major, I don't want the governor to know anything about our departure."

My grandfather stared at him, awaiting further explanation.

"Juana looked pale last night," said the ensign after a pause.

The major did not dispute the fact, though he could not, for the life of him, see what it had to do with the subject.

"She never liked that dingy Spanish lover of hers," said the ensign, "and her father intends she shall marry him in a month. 'T would make her miserable for life."

"Dear me," said my grandfather, "how do you know that?"

"She told me so. You see," said Owen, shading the candle with his hand, so that my grandfather could n't see his face, and speaking hurriedly, "I did n't intend we should start alone—in fact—that is—Juana has agreed to fly with me to Gibraltar."

"Agreed!—fly!"—gasped my grandsire: "what an extraordinary young fellow!"

"She's waiting for us now," resumed Garry,

gathering courage after the first plunge into the subject; "we ought to be off before daylight. Oblige me, my dear sir," (smiling irresistibly,) "by getting up immediately."

"And how are we to get away," asked my grandfather, "supposing this insane scheme of yours to be attempted?"

"I've bribed the sentry at Francisco's place of durance," returned the ensign. "We shall get out of the town the instant the gates are opened; and the boat is tied to the steps, as before, only under the charge of a sentry whom we can easily evade. Every guarda costa in the place was sent out last night to blockade a noted smuggler who has taken refuge in Tangier; so, once out, we are safe from pursuit: I found it all out after you had gone to bed."

The disposition of Major Flinders, as the reader knows, was the reverse of enterprising; he would n't have given a straw to be concerned in the finest adventure that ever happened in romance. He paused with one stocking on, inclined, like the little woman whose garments had been curtailed by the licentious shears of the pedlar, to doubt his own identity, and wondering if it could be really he, John Flinders, to whom such a proposition was broached, requiring him to assist in invading the peace of a family. As soon as he recovered his powers of speech, of which astonishment had for a moment deprived him, he began earnestly to dissuade the ensign from the enterprise; but Owen knew his man too well, and had too much youthful vivacity of will to allow much time for remonstrance.

"Look you, major," said he, "I'm positive I can't live without Juana. I'll make a bold stroke for a wife. The thing's settled—no going back now for me; and I shall go through with it with or without you. But you're not the man, I'm sure, to desert a fellow in extremity, at a time, too, when the advantages of your experience and coolness are so peculiarly needed. 'Call you that backing of your friends?'"

The compliment, or the quotation, or both, softened the major. "Would it were night, Hal, and all well," said he, half mechanically following the Falstaffian train of ideas Owen had artfully conjured up, and at the same time drawing on the breeches which that astute youth obsequiously handed to him.

It was still dark when they issued forth into the narrow and dingy streets of Tarifa. My grandfather, totally unaccustomed to visit the glimpses of the moon in this adventurous fashion, was full of strange fears—heard as many imaginary suspicious noises and voices as Bunyan's Pilgrim in the dark valley—and once or twice stooped abruptly and grasped Owen's arm, while he pointed to a spy dogging them in the distant gloom, who turned out to be a door-post. But Owen was now in his element; no tom-cat in Tarifa was more familiar with house-tops and balconies at the witching hour than he, and he stepped gayly on. Presently, they were challenged by a sentry, to whom Owen promptly advanced and slipped into his itching palm a doubloon, when the trustworthy warrior immediately turned upon his heel, and walking to the extremity of his post, looked with great vigilance in the opposite direction.

Owen advanced to a grated window and tapped. Immediately the burly face of Francisco showed itself thereat, his white teeth glancing merrily in a glimmer of moonshine. A bar, previously filed

through, was removed from the window, and Owen, taking him by the collar to assist his egress, drew him through as far as the third button of his waistcoat, where he stuck for a moment; but the substance was elastic, and a lusty tug landed him in the middle of the narrow street. Receiving Frank's instructions, given in a hurried whisper, to go at once to where the boat lay, and cast her off, ready to shove off on the instant, he nodded and disappeared in the darkness, while Owen and the major made for the governor's house.

Arrived near it Owen gave a low whistle—a peculiar one, that my grandfather remembered to have heard him practising to Juana on the previous day—when, to the unutterable surprise of the major, two veiled figures appeared on the balcony.

"Why, Owen, boy, d'ye see!" quoth the major, stuttering with anxiety, "who can the other be!—her maid, eh!"—indistinct stage recollections of intriguing waiting-women dawning on him.

"Ahen!—why, you see, major," whispered Owen, "she would n't come alone—could n't manage it at all, in fact, without the knowledge of her aunt, who sleeps in the next room; so I persuaded Carlota to come too, and gave her a sort of half promise that *you would take care of her*." Here, wishing to cut short a rather awkward explanation, he ran under the balcony—one of the ladies dropped a cord—and Owen producing from under his coat a rope ladder, (he had sat up all night making it,) attached it, and, as soon as it was drawn up, ascended, motioning to my astounded grandfather to keep it steady below. The major, after a moment's desperate half-resolve to make a hasty retreat from the perilous incidents which seemed momentarily to thicken round him, and leave his reckless friend to his fate, yielded to the force of circumstances, and did what was required of him. Then Owen lifted the ladies, one after the other, over the railing of the balcony, and they swiftly descended. First came Juana, who, scarcely touching the major's offered hand, lit on the pavement like gossamer; then Carlota descended, and making, in her trepidation, a false step near the bottom, came so heavily on the major, that they rolled together on the stones. By the time they were on their feet again, Owen had slipped down the ladder, and, taking Juana under his arm, set off rapidly towards the bay.

If anything could have added to the major's discomfort and embarrassment, it would have been the pressure of Carlota's arm on his, as she hung confidently on him—a pressure not proceeding from her weight only, but active, and with a meaning in it; but he was in that state of mental numbness from the successive shocks of astonishment, that, as with a soldier after the first two dozen, any additional laceration passed unheeded. He was embarked on an adventure of which he could by no means see the end; all was strange and dark in the foreground of his future; and if he had been at that moment tried, cast, and condemned for an imaginary crime, he would have been too apathetic to say anything in arrest of judgment.

Silently and swiftly, as a forlorn hope, they passed through the town and along the sandy causeway. The succession of white rolling waves on their left, where extended the full breadth of the Straits, while the bay on their right was almost smooth, showed the wind to be still against them; but it was so moderate that they might safely beat up for the rock. Arrived at the head of the stairs leading to the water, they paused in the angle of

the wall to reconnoitre. Francisco was lying coiled up in the head of the boat, his hand on the rope, ready to cast her loose, and the boat-hook projecting over the bow. Above them, and behind the wall, at a little distance, they could hear the measured tread of the sentry, and catch the gleam of his bayonet as he turned upon his walk; a few vigorous shoves would carry them outside the seawall and beyond his ken. All depended on their silence; and like two stealthy cats did Owen and Juana descend to the boat—the major and Carlota watching the success of their attempt with protruded necks. Cautiously did Owen stride from the stair last to the deck—cautiously did he transfer Juana to the bark, and guide her aft. The major was just preparing to follow, when a noise from the boat startled him; Juana had upset an unlucky wine-jar which Francisco had left there. The sentry put his head over the wall, and challenged; Francisco, starting up, shoved hastily off; the sentry fired his piece, his bullet shattering the wine-jar that had caused the mischief. Juana screamed, Owen swore in English, and Francisco surpassed him in Spanish. There was no time to return or wait for the other pair, for the guard was alarmed by the sentry's shot, and their accoutrements might be heard rattling near at hand, as they turned hastily out. Before they reached the wall, however, the boat had disappeared.

Major Flinders watched it till it was out of sight, and, at first, experienced a feeling of despair at being thus deprived of the aid of Garry's boldness and promptitude, and left to his own resources. Presently, however, a gleam of comfort dawned upon him—perhaps Carlota would now abandon the enterprise, and he should thus, at any rate, be freed from the embarrassment her presence occasioned him. In this hope he was shortly undeceived. To have added the shame of failure and exposure to her present disappointment, while an opening to persevere still remained, did not suit that lady's adamant spirit; and whether it was that the unscrupulous Garry had really represented the major as very much in love, or whether such an impression resulted from her own lively imagination, she certainly thought her companion would be as much chagrined at such a denouement as herself. She displayed a prompt decision in this emergency, being, indeed, as remarkable for presence as the major was for absence of mind. Taking the major's arm, she caused him swiftly to retrace his steps with her to the inn where he had slept. As they retreated, they heard the boom of a gun behind them, fired, doubtless, from the Point, at the Fair Unknown. At Carlota's orders, a couple of horses, one with a side-saddle, were speedily at the inn-door; they mounted, and, before the sun was yet risen, had issued forth from the gate of Tarifa, on the road to Gibraltar. The major rode beside her like a man in a dream—in fact he was partly asleep, having been deprived of a large portion of his natural and accustomed rest, and partly bewildered. A few days before he had been the most methodical, unromantic, not to say humdrum, old bachelor in his majesty's service; and here he was, how or why he did not well know, galloping away at daybreak with a foreign lady, of whose existence he had been ignorant a week before, with the prospect of being apprehended by her relatives for her abduction, and by the government for assisting in the escape of a smuggler. When at length roused to complete consciousness by the rapidity of their motion, he positively groaned in anguish of

spirit, and vowed internally that, once within the shelter of his own quiet quarters, nothing on earth should again tempt him forth on such harum-scarum expeditions.

It was near noon when they reached Algeciras, where they stopped to breakfast, both of them rather exhausted with fatigue and hunger. This town stands just opposite Gibraltar, across the bay—the road they had come by forms the base of a triangle, of which Cabrita Point is the apex, the bay washing one side of the projecting coast, the Straits the other. The major was reserved and embarrassed; there was a tenderness about Carlota's manner that frightened him out of his usual gallantry, and, to avoid meeting her glance, he looked steadily out of the window at the rock of Gibraltar, casting wistful glances at the spot where his quarters lay hidden in a little clump of foliage. Immediately after the meal he quitted the room, on pretence of looking after the horses. He determined to protract their stay in Algeciras till late in the afternoon, that they might enter Gibraltar in the dusk, and thus avoid awkward meetings with equestrian parties from the garrison, who would then be hastening homewards, in order to be in before gun-fire, when the gates are shut.

On returning, still out of temper, to the room where he had left Carlota, he found her, quite overcome with fatigue, asleep on the sofa. Her head was thrown a little back on the cushion; her lips were just parted, and she looked in her sleep like a weary child. The major approached on tip-toe, and stood regarding her. His ill-humor melted fast into pity. He thought of all her kindness to him, and, by a sudden soft-hearted impulse, took gently one of her hands projecting over the side of the sofa. Carlota opened her eyes, and squeezed the hand that held hers; whereupon the major suddenly quitted his hold, and, retreating with great discomposure to the window, did not venture to look at her again till it was time to resume their journey.

At a little distance from Algeciras is the river Palmones, called by the English the Second River. This was crossed by a floating bridge, pulled from shore to shore by a ferryman warping on a rope extended across. They had just reached the opposite bank of the stream, when Carlota noticed two horsemen galloping fast along the road they had just traversed. A second glance showed them to be Don Pablo and the lover of Juana. The first inquiries of the governor had led him to suppose that all had escaped in the boat, and it was not till some time after that he had learned the true state of affairs.

The fugitives now hastened on in earnest, and roused their horses to a steady gallop, never pausing till they reached the Guadarranque, or First River, about a mile nearer Gibraltar than the other, and furnished with a similar bridge. The delay of the pursuers at the former ferry had thrown them far in rear; and my grandfather, inspired by the imminence of the peril, now conceived a bright idea—the brightest, probably, that ever flashed upon him—by executing which they might effectually distance their pursuers. Dropping his glove at a little distance from the shore, he sent the ferryman to fetch it, and then pushed off, (Carlota having already embarked,) and warped the bridge to the opposite bank, heedless of the frantic gesticulations of the proprietor, who screamed furiously after them to stop. When he reached the opposite side, he took out his pocket-knife and deliberately cut the rope. Having thus,

as it were, blown up the communication in his rear, my grandfather, without the loss of his baggage, continued his retreat to the fortress; while the little governor, who galloped up just as they were disappearing, was, like Lord Ullin, left lamenting.

The sun was already declining, and threw their shadows far before them on the sands, as they rode along the beach close to the water. The bay at this inner extremity makes a great circular sweep—radii drawn from the rock to different distant points of the arc would be almost equal; and for half an hour they continued to see Gibraltar at nearly the same distance to the right and in front of them, holding itself aloof most provokingly. Twilight descended as they passed the Spanish lines and entered on the neutral ground. The major glanced anxiously at his watch—in a few minutes the gun from Middle Hill would give the signal for shutting the gates, and doom them irretrievably to return into Spain for the night. For the first time in his life Major Flinders really punished his horse, lifting the tired beast along with whip and rein. Carlota's kept easily beside him under her lighter weight, and they rapidly neared the barrier. Just as they passed it, a stream of flame shot from the rock, illumining objects like a flash of lightning;—then came the heavy report of the gun—another minute and the drawbridge at Landport would be lifted; but they were upon it. They dashed across somewhat in the style of Marmion quitting Douglas' castle, "just as it trembled on the rise," and were safe in Gibraltar.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER life's fitful fever, the major did not sleep well. He had left Carlota comfortably established at the inn; and he now lay nervously thinking how his embarrassment with regard to her was to terminate, especially if Owen did not shortly make his appearance. Then he was worried by doubts as to the fate of the Fair Unknown and her passengers. They might have been recaptured, as escaped smugglers, by a guarda costa—they might be detained in the Straits by adverse winds or calms—they might have run ashore into some bay, and come on overland. This last supposition haunted him most pertinaciously, and he resolved to go up the rock as soon as it should be day-light to look out for them along the road from Spain. He lay tossing restlessly till the morning gun gave the signal of the approach of dawn, and before the echoes died away he had his breeches on.

Night was at odds with morning when my grandfather, with a telescope under his arm, sallied forth and began the ascent. Silence was over the rock, except an occasional sighing of a remnant of night wind that had lost itself among the crags. At first, the only clear outline visible was that of the rugged edge of the rock above against the colorless sky; but as he toiled up the steep zig-zag path, the day kept pace with him—each moment threw a broader light on the scene—blots of shadow became bushes or deep fissures, and new shapes of stone glided into view. The only symptoms of animal life that he beheld were a rabbit that fled silently to his hole, and a great white vulture that, startled from his perch on a gray crag, sailed slowly upward on his black-tipped wings, circling higher and higher, till his breast was crimsoned by the yet unrisen sun.

The path led diagonally to the summit; and, turning a sharp level corner, my grandfather looked perpendicularly down on the Mediterranean, whose lazy waves, sending up a gentle murmur, rippled

far below him. On his left, also steep down below him, was the neutral ground, level as the sea itself, extending northward into sandy plains, abruptly crossed by tumbled heaps of brown mountains. A reddening of the sky showed that the sun was at hand; and presently the glowing disk came swiftly up from behind the eastern hills; the pale earth shined in the ruddiness of the sky, and a long rosy gleam swept gradually over the breadth of the gray sea, like an unwilling smile spreading itself from a man's lips to his eyes and forehead.

Conspicuous on the highest point in the landscape stood my grandfather, panting with his exertions as he wiped his forehead. After standing for a moment, bronzed in front like a smith at the furnace, face to face with the sun, he turned and swept with his telescope the road into Spain. Early peasants, microscopic as ants, were bringing their fruits and vegetables into the fortress—a laden mule or two advanced along the beach over which the major had last night galloped—but nothing resembling what he sought was in sight. Then turning completely round, with his face to the path he had just ascended, he gave a long look towards the Straits; and as he did so, the wind, which had shifted to the south-west towards morning, blew gently on his face. A sail or two was discernible in the distance, outward bound, but nothing resembling the cutter. As the major looked, a signal was made from Cabrita, and directly two feluccas left their station at Algeciras, and swooped out, like two white birds, as if to intercept some bark yet hidden by the point. Again my grandfather looked out to the Strait, and presently a small white sail came in sight near Cabrita. For a quarter of an hour he stood steadily, with levelled telescope, and then he was almost sure—yes, he could swear—that he saw the small English ensign relieved against the sail; and above, at the mast-head, the yellow-striped flag that Francisco hoisted before as the mark of a yacht. It was the Fair Unknown—and my grandfather at once comprehended that the pursuers, whom he had escaped the night before, had, on returning to Algeciras, made arrangements for her capture as soon as she should appear.

The breeze was on her beam, and much fresher with her than further in the bay, so that the feluccas steered slantingly across her course as she made for the rock. They held on thus, the pursuers and the pursued, till within a mile of each other, when the cutter suddenly altered her course to one nearly parallel with that of the feluccas. The latter, however, now gained fast upon her, and presently a puff of smoke from the bow of the foremost was followed by the report of a gun. My grandfather could look no longer through his glass, for his hand shook like a reed, but began, with huge strides more resembling those of a kangaroo than a quiet middle-aged gentleman, to descend the rock. Breathless, he reached his quarters, had his horse saddled and brought out, and galloped off towards Europa.

Europa Point is at the southern extremity of the rock, and commands at once the entrance of the bay and the passage of the Straits. The road to it from the north, where the major was quartered, affords, for the most part, a view of the bay. Many an anxious glance did he cast, as he sped along, at the state of affairs on the water. The feluccas fired several shots, but all seemed to fall wide, and were probably intended only to frighten the chase, out of consideration for her fair freight. Still, however, the English colors floated, and still the cutter held her course.

Some artillerymen and an officer were assembled at the point as the major galloped up.

"Can't you fire at 'em!" said he, as he drew up beside the battery.

"Too far off," said the lieutenant, rising from the parapet on which he was leaning, and showing a drowsy unshaven countenance; "we should only frighten them."

"By heavens!" said my grandfather, "'tis horrible. I shall see the boy taken before my eyes!"

"Boy!" quoth the lieutenant, wondering what particular interest the major could take in the smuggler. "What boy?"

"Why, Owen of ours—he's running away with a Spanish lady."

"The devil!" cried the lieutenant, jumping down. "What, Garry Owen!—we must try a long shot. Pull those quins out," (to a gunner.) "Corporal, lay that gun; a dollar if you hit the felucca. I'll try a shot with this one." So saying, he laid the thirty-two pounder next him with great care.

"Fire!" said he, jumping on the parapet to see the effect of the shot. At the second rebound it splashed under the bows of the leading felucca, which still held on. She was now scarcely three hundred yards from the cutter.

"Why, d—n their impudence!" muttered the lieutenant, on seeing his warning pass unheeded, "they won't take a hint. Corporal, let drive at 'em."

The corporal earned his dollar. The shot went through the side of the felucca, on which all was presently confusion; in a few minutes it was apparent she was sinking. The other, abandoning the chase, went to the assistance of her consort, lifting the crew out, some of whom were evidently hurt.

"A blessed shot!" cried my grandfather, giving the lucky corporal a bit of gold; "but I'm glad they're picking up the crew."

The cutter instantly stood in for the harbor, and half an hour afterwards the major bade his young friend and Juana welcome to Gibraltar.

Carlota was beside herself with joy at seeing the wanderers safe. She first cast herself upon Juana, and cried over her; then embraced the ensign, who made no scruple of kissing her; lastly, threw herself tenderly upon the major, who gazed over her head as it lay on his shoulder with a dismayed expression, moving his arms uneasily, as if he did not know what he was expected to do with them. Every moment it was becoming clearer to him that he was a compromised man, no longer his own property. On his way through the streets that morning he had passed a knot of officers, one of whom he overheard describing "Old Flinders" as "a sly old boy," for that he "had run away with a devilish handsome Spaniard—who would have thought it!" "Ay, who indeed!" groaned the major, internally. But the seal was put to his doom by the colonel, who, when he went to report himself, slapped him on the shoulder, and congratulated him on his happiness. "Fine woman, I hear, Flinders—did n't give you credit for such spirit—hope you'll be happy together." The major, muttering an inarticulate denial, hastily retreated, and from that moment surrendered himself to his fate an unresisting victim.

About dusk that night, Owen came to him.

"By heavens!" the ensign began, throwing himself into a chair, "I'm the most unlucky scoundrel! Nothing goes right with me. I prom-

ised myself this should be my wedding-night—and here I am, as forlorn a bachelor as ever."

"What has gone wrong?" inquired my grandfather, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"I pressed her with all my eloquence," said Owen; "reminded her of her promise to marry me the day we should arrive here—of the necessity of caring for her reputation, after leaving her father's house and coming here under my protection," (here my grandfather winced;) "talked, in fact, like an angel who had been bred a special pleader—yet it was all of no use."

"Deliberating about marriage!" said the major, "after leaving her father and lover for you! What gamut can she be straining at, after swallowing a camel of such magnitude?"

"A piece of female Quixotry," returned Owen. "She says she can't think of such selfishness as being comfortably married herself, while Carlota is so unhappy, and her fate so unsettled." Here he made a significant pause; but my grandfather was immovably silent, only glancing nervously at him, and smoking very hard.

"In fact, she protests she won't hear of marrying me, till you have settled when you will marry Carlota."

"Marry Carlota?" gasped the major in an agonized whisper.

"Why, you don't mean to say you're not going to marry her!" exclaimed the ensign, throwing a vast quantity of surprise into his expressive countenance.

"Why—why, what should I marry her for?" stammered the major.

"Oh, lord!" said Garry, "here will be pleasant news for her! Curse me if I break it to her."

"But really, now, Frank," the major repeated—"marriage, you know—why, I never thought of such a thing."

"You're the only person that has n't then," rejoined Owen. "Why, what can the garrison think, after the way you smuggled her in; what can she herself think, after all your attentions?"

"Attentions, my dear boy; the merest civility."

"Oh—ah! 't was civility, I suppose, to squeeze her hand in the inn at Algeciras, in the way she told Juana of—and Heaven knows what else you may have done during the flight. Juana is outrageous against you—actually called you a vile deceiver; but Carlota's feeling is more of sorrow than of anger. She is persuaded that nothing but your ignorance of Spanish has prevented your tongue from confirming what your looks have so faithfully promised. I was really quite affected to-day at the appealing look she cast on me after you left the room; she evidently expected me to communicate her destiny."

My grandfather smoked hard.

"Lots of fellows would give their ears for such a wife," pursued the ensign. "Lovelace, the governor's aide-de-camp, bribed the waiter of the hotel to lend him his apron to-day, at dinner, that he might come in and look at her—swears she's a splendid woman, and that he'd run away with such another to-morrow."

Still my grandfather smoked hard, but said nothing, though there was a slight gleam of pride in his countenance.

"Poor thing!" sighed Garry. "All her prospects blighted forever. Swears she never can love another."

At this my grandfather's eyes grew moist, and

he coughed as if he had swallowed some tobacco-smoke.

"And as for me, to have Juana at my lips, as it were, and yet not mine—for she's as inflexible as if she'd been born a Mede and Persian—to know that you are coming between me and happiness as surely as if you were an inexorable father or a cruel guardian—worse, indeed; for those might be evaded. Major, major, have you no compassion!—two days of this will drive me crazy."

The major changed his pipe from his right hand to his left, and, stretching the former across the table, sympathetically pressed that of the ensign.

"Do, major," quoth Garry, changing his flank movement for a direct attack—"do consent to make yourself and me happy; do empower me to negotiate for our all going to church to-morrow." (My grandfather gave a little jump in his chair at this, as if he were sitting on a pin.) "I'll manage it all; you shan't have the least trouble in the matter."

My grandfather spoke not.

"Silence gives consent," said the ensign, rising.

"Come, now, if you don't forbid me, I'll depart on my embassy at once; you need n't speak, I'll spare your blushes. I see this delay has only been from modesty, or perhaps a little ruse on your part. Once, twice, thrice—I go." And he vanished.

The major remained in his chair, in the same posture. His pipe was smoked out, but he continued to suck absently at the empty tube. His bewilderment and perturbation were so great that, though he sat up till two in the morning, during which time he smoked eleven pipes, and increased the two glasses of grog with which he was accustomed to prepare for his pillow to four, he was still, when he went to bed, as agitated as ever.

In this state of mind he went to the altar, for next day a double ceremony was performed, making Owen happy with Juana, and giving Carlota a husband and me a grandfather. The major was more like a proxy than a principal in the affair; for Owen, taking the entire management upon himself, left him little more to do than to make the necessary responses.

Carlota made a very good-tempered, quiet, unobtrusive helpmate, and continued to be fond of her spouse even after he was a gray-headed colonel. My grandfather, though credulous in most matters, could with difficulty be brought to consider himself married. He would sometimes seem to forget the circumstance for a whole day together, till it came to be forced on his recollection at bed-time. And when, about a year after his marriage, a new-born female Flinders (now my venerable aunt) was brought one morning by the nurse for his inspection and approval, he gazed at it with a puzzled air, and could not be convinced that he was actually in the presence of his own flesh and blood, till he had touched the cheek of his first-born with the point of his tobacco-pipe, removed from his mouth for that purpose, making on the infant's countenance a small indentation.

The little governor, Don Pablo, was subsequently induced to forgive his relatives, and frequent visits and attentions were interchanged, till the commencement of the siege put a stop to all intercourse between Gibraltar and Spain.

I have often, on a summer's evening, sat looking across the bay at a gorgeous sunset, and retracing in imagination the incidents I have related. My grandfather's establishment was broken up during the siege by the enemy's shells, but a similar one

now stands on what I think must have been about the site of it. The world has changed since then; but Spain is no land of change; and, looking on the imperishable outline of the Andalusian hills, unaltered, probably, since a time to which the period of my tale is but as yesterday, it is easy for me to

"daff aside" the noisy world without, and, dropping quietly behind the age, to picture to myself my old-fashioned grandfather issuing forth from yonder white-walled town of Algeciras with his future bride.

From Punch.

KOSSUTH.

KOSSUTH has made his triumphal entry into the city of London. The Austrian ambassador, with wise forecast of the reception that awaited the great Hungarian—who ought, many a month since, according to the legitimacy of despotism, to have filled a grave—the Austrian, turned upon his heel, and for a while went his way. That Kossuth ought to have supplied a meal to the double-headed eagle—never to be gorged to the full with such provender;—and the rebel had balked the destiny prepared him, had foiled young Joseph and his master Czar, baffled all odds, and was here—to utter a discourse confounding the policy of the would-be "gaolers" of the human race. A most pestilent, most perplexing change! When the rebel should have been in his grave—and there he was, breathing words of flame—a living preaching apostle of man's freedom, in the Guildhall of London! Legitimacy had good right to bite its nails, and curse the sultan.

Kossuth's progress from his home in Eaton square—made, for the while, entirely his, by the true-hearted Englishman, whose roof-tree is forever honored by its sometime tenant—Kossuth's progress to Guildhall doors was a triumph swelling and deepening at every step. There was no attempt at show; the man himself was the display; the noble spectacle. The man, whose master-mind had held all Austria at bay—the man, whose voice was as a trumpet to his country's heart—the man, outraged in his nation, whose living principle he embodied and represented, was revealed to the eyes of Englishmen, and they hung upon that glorious manifestation, with looks of reverence, of love, and sympathy. It was not merely Louis Kossuth whom the thousands gazed upon and cheered; it was Hungary; bound and bleeding—but still hopeful, resolute, defying Hungary.

Kossuth was nobly attended on his way from his home to the Guildhall; for the hearts of Englishmen went along with him; of the men who in their aggregate make "the people." It is true that Kossuth had with him no English peer; no star, no garter, made a part of the show; the great Hungarian was not patronized by any of the mighty ones of the House of Lords; no, Kossuth had with him for his escort the people; nothing more; simply, the people.

"Why is it," asked Cobden at the Southampton banquet, "why is it that the name of Louis Kossuth is heard at the firesides of the middle classes, and I would fain hope of the higher classes, *one of whom* we number among our visitors to-day?" "One of whom! That "one" was, of course, Lord Dudley Stuart; whom we can scarcely consider "one." Surely, by this time, he has disfranchised himself; for so many years has that strange lord associated his active sympathies with the oppressed and down-trodden of all lands, that he must have almost read himself out of the *Court Guide*. Has he not sadly compromised nobility by his doings with humanity—has he not well-nigh forfeited the lord in his zeal for the people?

"One of the higher classes!" Yet how many talking units of the aristocracy in Parliament, and, at certain seasons on the hustings, are loud and animated in their advocacy of popular freedom! The great champion, great and glorious in his passing defeat, escapes the carnivorous jaws of despotism; a man of consummate genius and of noblest worth—a God's true man evades, by grace of infidel, the hangman's hands of Christian emperors, and—save and except that eccentric one, Lord Stuart—there is neither earl nor lord to bid the exile welcome! But their absence is their own shame; the cause of Kossuth, as it is a cause deep and wide as humanity, can do without them; though, in these days, it may be scant wisdom in themselves to aid in the preaching of that social lesson. And yet, among the aristocracy, there might have been found men, with at least a traditional respect for suffering patriotism. There have been heads on the Temple Bar that Kossuth passed through, that even now speak to us—there was a head that fell in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—a few paces to the left of Kossuth, on his way to Guildhall—that now utters and will still utter solemn teachings. Yet no live peer—no breathing liberality of the House of Lords—said welcome to Louis Kossuth. Well, the people of London did the honors; and so the great Hungarian may excuse the peerage. To be sure, if Radetzky or Paskovitch were to come to London—nay, putting aside the dread of sheriff's officers for certain unpaid damages, were Schwarzenberg himself to visit the metropolis—great would be the welcome of the illustrious new-comers. The doors of palatial mansions would turn on their harmonious hinges to take them in. How, for instance, did English aristocracy kiss the boots of Nicholas—how did the fair English aristocracy mantle and blush, sublimated for life by the condescending salute of the emperor; at the imperial touch, mere human blood became ichor!

Kossuth went his victorious way to Guildhall; and there, in a brief hour, did good battle against Austria and Russia.—There, in that pacific hall, the Hungarian did as mortal injury to despotism, as did ever his iron artillery. Some words are things; things irresistible as cannon-balls; but with an immortality in them not to be spent. Such words are the words of God-gifted men; of men like Kossuth; whom to hear, is to listen to a noble human lesson—whom to look at, seen through the glorious halo of his deeds and sufferings, is a sight that for the time ennobs the beholder.

Kossuth went to receive the homage paid him by the people of the city of London, without pomp—without display. The straight-forward simplicity of the man found fitting harmony in the unstudied welcome that was given him by the mere people. The people were at once his guards and his entertainers. And for the foul, miserable lies, made to blacken the name of a man whose reputation is unspotted—lustrous as a sunbeam—they, too, were represented—typified, and to be found in the dirt in the path of Kossuth—the dirt trodden by the feet of Kossuth's horses.

From the Examiner, of 1 Nov.

M. KOSSUTH IN ENGLAND.

M. Kossuth has vindicated his title to the reception which was claimed for him in England. He has admirably represented in his person those gallant exertions of his countrymen to which this journal has given a strenuous and unvarying support during the last three years. Not a word has fallen from him that could throw the shadow of a doubt or stain on the objects or character of that great constitutional struggle. If we were predisposed to bid him welcome, his manner while amongst us has given him a yet more distinguished claim upon our cordiality.

We were told to expect inflaming harangues. We know that M. Kossuth is an orator, that he comes to us a man of eager temperament, with his mind bent wholly upon one idea of a wronged country, of friends the victims of judicial murder, of himself persecuted and exiled. So great a sense of wrong existing in a man of ardent mind and fervent speech might have justified some bitter declamation. But M. Kossuth is more than we have described. None but a mind with a true element of greatness in it, feeling thus, and hounded on to utterance by shouts of flattering applause and sympathy, could so have controlled itself as to speak nothing but calm, solemn fact, with deep emotion, but without one passionate, inflammatory word.

M. Kossuth has come to England feeling in his heart a true respect for English institutions as they are, and as Hungarian institutions should be. Is he a mere demagogue? If so, he is, indeed, marvellous among demagogues; for with the whole demos of England at his heels claiming mistaken kindred, when a word or two would place him at the pinnacle of glory in their eyes, he gives no more than the courteous answers due from a gentleman to their expressions of good-will, and carefully refuses to identify himself with their desires. His conduct has been quite a pattern of good breeding and good taste.

It is really remarkable to see the course he has taken through the two extremes of silly admiration and unfounded abuse. The socialists get up in London a central committee of sympathizers, and invite him to a banquet. He very properly declines. Mr. Feargus O'Connor rushes up to him with a cry of "I love you, Kossuth;" and a mass of noise of a hardly less disagreeable kind is heard rising up from other enthusiasts who are praising the Magyar leader for what he is not, running after him with a foolish extravagance, and admiring him from a wholly false point of view. This also he quietly puts aside, as not feeling honored by it. On the other hand, thus the object of an unfounded praise, he is made equally the victim of unfounded censure. Shadows against which we have battled in this journal patiently time after time, dull ghosts of fallacies against himself and his brave associates, walk again abroad; and these as little succeed in moving him from the direct forthright. He is content to hear between the two extremes the quiet voice of manly welcome, offered not as to a model of perfection, but as to a sometimes fallible and weak, but always high-minded and honorable man. Only such a welcome can a popular leader of such genius and capacity desire. The indiscriminating heat of vulgar clamor is worth about as much as the studied coldness of the vulgar great. M. Kossuth can afford to dispense with both.

Through every phase of his career we have attended M. Kossuth with the best support which our voice could render to his cause. His cause has aforesaid been the cause of England, and it must, some day, become the cause of every nation governed by an absolutist prince. Curiously in opposition to the lessons of history is the remark made by the *Times* on the source of English independence. Why, it asks, does England fear no danger, and receive with hospitality (we are sorry to say, very often with a too indiscriminating hospitality) the despot or the demagogue? "England," says the *Times*, "is enabled to do this, and more than this, simply because, for upwards of a century and a half, she has undergone no revolution." The remark is so put as to imply that no country is safe in any kind of contact with revolution. But England is now free and safe, not because she has not, but because she *has*, passed through a revolution, and because her revolution was successful. England can receive, with equal impunity, the Louis Dixhuits, Louis Philippes, and Louis Napoleons, the Louis Blancs and Ledru Rollins, the Kosciuskos and Kossuths, because she has thoroughly succeeded in crumbling under foot the wicked fiction of divinity in kings, because she has established a free and full representation of her people in the government, and because thus she has succeeded in giving a sound and right direction to the nation's energies. The Stuarts were our House of Hapsburgh; and to the Hungarians it would seem to be not yet impossible that even Kossuth may become a Cromwell. Hungary is not yet crushed. It is but a strong spring kept down by the great weight of Russia. Fifty-one is not the last date in the story of the world; and until the reign of absolute princes cease, the rise of patriots, some wise and some foolish, but all of them indications of an unswerving law in history, will be incessant.

Very admirably did M. Kossuth, in his remarkable speech at Winchester, apply the story of the three rings from Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. Differing forms of government may be, and are good; so long as, differing in form, they include a due representation of the people. But no government can be held to be established from which the popular voice is quite shut out. Absolutism is at best a transitional state; and when the time of change shall come, the energy with which kings cling to their false pretences can only irritate and strengthen the antagonist whose rights have been usurped. In many an unsuccessful struggle the people may shake the throne; they may be shot or hung as democrats, and kings or emperors may smile; but the final decree is irresistible and sure. An entrenchment that is opposed to the laws of nature, will, by the operation of those laws, in due time be overturned. Sooner or later, one after the other, the strongholds of the absolutists must give way; and that which has been done in England will be done in Naples, in Austria, and in Hungary, wherever there exists a prince who does not hold himself responsible before his people.

But it is not now our purpose to point out how truly constitutional, how perfectly analogous to our own more happy revolution, was the late struggle in Hungary; how exactly we may retrace its course up to this point even in the lives of our Eliots, Pym, and Hampdens. About all that, we have some reason to hope that our readers are informed, and their minds made up. We are now only speaking of Kossuth as he appears to us in England,

and we cannot err in saying that his public speeches have taken the whole people by surprise. It is understood that the forced leisure of his late imprisonment has been used by him to complete his mastery over our English tongue; and a more decisive proof of genius could hardly be adduced than that he resolve so to empower himself to make direct appeal to the two great and only countries of the earth, America and England, in which opinion is free. But even such singular eloquence in a foreign language, though in all respects remarkable, is yet the least striking feature of M. Kossuth's speeches. The peculiar excellence of matter, the lucid power of narrative, (for example in his account of the Hungarian position,) the skill with which his topics have been selected, the consummate tact with which he has perceived those points which it was most useful to make clear before an English audience, and the worthiness of aim in every sentence, show that we have here a man amongst us who deserves indeed our heartiest welcome.

From the Examiner, 1 Nov.

FRATERNIZATION WITH AMERICA.

A MORE graceful fraternization between the men of two great nations could not well be imagined than that which occurred on Monday last, when Mr. Peabody, the wealthy American, gave a "parting dinner to the American exhibitors." And, first of all, let us remark how gratifying it is to observe the good-humor and complacency with which the Americans talk of the Great Exhibition. The French, who carried off from one third to one half of the prizes, are grumbling, some of them, at not having had all, and are thus literally spoiling a success. The Americans, on the contrary, know how to improve a failure into a triumph. And we English help them. We must confess to have observed, with regret, that the American samples of cotton prints, and other articles of manufacture for the masses, were very inferior, even to their reputation in such things. Mr. Abbot Lawrence, however, declares that his countrymen sent the worst samples, not the best, and that the State Shows on the other side of the Atlantic display better specimens. Be it so. Lord Granville eked out the excuse more happily by saying that the American compartment would "have been better filled if the American people did not think that some of the small things they produced were not of sufficient importance to be shown here."

Be this as it may, the American exhibitors go as they came, contented; and no result of the Great Exhibition appears more evident than that of its having improved friendly feelings between English and American. There is more than after dinner compliment in the warmly expressed sentiments which burst from Mr. Lawrence, from Mr. Peabody, and from the Hon. Mr. Walker—sentiments which the latter had already expressed, in even warmer fashion, at the great dinner given to Kossuth at Southampton.

It was Sir Henry Bulwer, however, who was enabled to adduce some of the strongest and most practical proofs of the good understanding between the countries. The greatest fact he brought forward was his own successful negotiation of a treaty, to "protect the construction, and guarantee the security when constructed, of any canal or railway opening a passage across Central America between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It being stipu-

lated that neither country should, separately or conjointly, possess one single privilege or advantage with respect to such canal or railway, which should not be offered on equal terms to any other nation on the face of the globe." Perhaps, of all England's objections to Anglo-American progress of conquest southward, the greatest has been that by such conquests they might secure a monopoly of whatever passage may be effected across the Isthmus. This treaty comes seasonably to allay such apprehension; and if a clause were inserted that the guarantee and the security should be as valid in war as in peace, thus rendering the passage between the seas and the ports at either extremity neutral, it would prove not only the completion of a great work, but the establishment of a new and a noble principle.

Sir Henry also struck the great chord, that in the present oscillations of the political world between two extremes, nothing could have so great a tendency to steady the movement as a cordial union between Great Britain and the United States.

Gentlemen, I lay a great stress upon this fact, because I felt when I signed that instrument to which I have been alluding, that I laid the foundation stone of a great and equitable alliance between our two countries—(hear, hear)—an alliance which should not have for its object the wronging or despoiling, but the benefiting and protecting the rest of mankind; and surely, gentlemen, if such an union were ever required, it is at this moment—for at this moment the world is, as it were, violently vibrating between two extremes, and appears of necessity to demand some regulating influence to moderate and steady its oscillations—(hear, hear)—and where, gentlemen, can such an influence be better found than in the cordial union of Great Britain and the United States. (Great cheering.) It is true that you live under a republic, and we under a monarchy, but what of that? (Cheers.) The foundations of both societies are law and religion. The purpose of both governments is liberty and order. (Cheers.) The more you love your republic, gentlemen, the more you detest those principles of confusion and division, which would destroy it. The more we love our monarchy the more we cherish and cling to those principles of equity and freedom which preserve it. (Hear, hear, hear.) In this, indeed, lies the great moral strength of our close connection. Hand in hand we can stand together, alike opposed to the anarchist, who calls himself the friend of the people, and to the absolutist, who calls himself the friend of the throne. (Loud cheers.) Long then, gentlemen, let us thus stand together, the champions of peace between nations, of conciliation between opinions—(cheers);—and if, notwithstanding our example and our efforts, the trumpet of war should sound, and that war to which it calls us should be a war of opinion, why, still let us stand together. (Loud and long cheering.) Our friends, in that day of conflict, shall be chosen from the most wise, the most moderate, and the most just; nor, whilst we plant the red cross of England by the side of the stars and stripes of America, do I for an instant doubt, but that we shall leave recollections to our posterity worthy of those which we have inherited from our ancestors.

Sir Henry Bulwer is fortunate in the circumstance of this good understanding between England and America having sprung up during the period of his diplomatic service at Washington; many unpleasant causes of dispute, both with respect to Canada and Cuba having arisen during that time. His exertions and tact succeeded in overcoming all; and he could not more effectually have answered the whole of the attacks and calum-

nies heaped upon him for his previous breach with the Spanish government.

It will recollect that that breach arose from his having, when envoy at Madrid, by order of his government recommended to the Spanish ministers, after the events of the spring of 1848, a policy of conciliation rather than of rigor, and of liberal constitutionalism rather than of military and arbitrary rule. Narvaez despised that advice, and picked an invidious quarrel with Sir Henry Bulwer because of it. Yet Narvaez has had to regret his own reactionary tendencies. Having depended on the court and on the army rather than on a constitutional party in the Cortes, he has been tripped by the court and forgotten by the army, whilst the liberal party have risen rapidly in power, and form already the only solid basis on which a minister can build a policy. The exile Narvaez has accordingly shaken hands with the British envoy, who, at the critical moment, gave him good, but unwelcome counsel, a counsel now admitted to be the only sage one.

We stated some weeks past the fact of Narvaez having given a dinner in Paris to Sir Henry, at which the Spanish minister and a large number of Spanish generals were present, when the full and perfect reconciliation was sealed. The event forms the fitting *finale* to our long and causeless diplomatic quarrel with Spain.

M. KOSSUTH AND MR. LANDOR.

Winchester, 25th October.

Sir,—It is with peculiar satisfaction that I accept the address from the citizens of Bath, at the head of whose names I find one so distinguished, and so long familiar to me as your own. Be assured that the sentiments you express are those which have ever animated me in all my efforts, and in every trust which my countrymen have confided to me. "Social order" I believe to be consistent alone with constitutional freedom. I have sought to ensure the one by strengthening and enlarging, in peaceful and legal methods, the other. In this I have been consistently supported by my countrymen: it has been all we aimed at.

Your allusion to the Potentate, to whose firm and upright demeanor I owe so much, touches feelings of respect and gratitude which can never be effaced.

I have the honor to be, sir,

With feelings of the highest esteem,

Your obedient servant,

Walter Savage Landor, Esq. L. KOSSUTH.

Bath, October 28.

Sir,—The chief glory of my life is that I was the first in subscribing for the assistance of the Hungarians at the commencement of their struggle: the next is that I have received the approbation of their illustrious leader.

I, who have held the hand of Kosciuszko, now kiss with veneration the signature of Kossuth. No other man alive would confer an honor I would accept.

Believe me, sir, ever yours most faithfully,

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[This article, from the Spectator of Nov. 1, is double-edged, and shows much anxiety.]

KOSSUTH AND THE CORPORATIONS.

It is proverbially a thankless office to be the memento mori of a jovial party, the Egyptian skele-

ton of a banquet; and in political life it is far easier as well as more popular to play Marshal Forwards to an enthusiastic national movement, than to hang back, urging reasons for caution and hinting grounds of dissatisfaction. And this is especially true when the movement springs from an impulse of which every generous heart must partake, and is directed towards a man and a cause on which no honest and enlightened mind can look without pity, sympathy, and admiration. Kossuth is eminently a man, and the Hungarian war of independence is eminently a cause, with which English Liberals of every section would be predisposed, by natural inclination and their own country's historical remembrances, warmly to sympathize. And yet there are aspects in his reception here which cannot be steadily contemplated without disclosing definite grounds of alarm, and necessitating a definite remonstrance. In particular, the part taken in the welcome of the Hungarian chief by the municipal bodies of England seems to us to call, if not for a protest, at least for a serious consideration of the objections that may be urged against their proceedings. These bodies have functions purely domestic—nay, even purely local; it would be a matter for regret were they habitually to take part in even domestic questions that did not peculiarly affect their own localities; and this, not only because they are constituted for other purposes, which are fully sufficient to employ their time and tax their powers were both stretched to the utmost, but because when they depart from their fixed legal duties they are acting without authority, consequently without any but the most vague and general responsibility, and are in fact nothing but a mere packed meeting of private men. The late Mr. O'Connell aimed at turning the Irish corporations into "normal schools of political agitation," and to a great extent succeeded in his object; but they were not for that any the better local legislators or administrators. And a course of conduct which reflects any leading principle of that mischievous political career is not thereby strongly recommended to the English public. Interference with questions of foreign policy would plainly be a wider and therefore a more objectionable deviation from the proper business of a municipal body than the expression of opinion on matters affecting the interests of any portion of our own empire at home or in the colonies. Mind your own business, and mind it well, is plainly the motto that should turn municipal emblazonries into pictorial instruction for the people.

But the English corporations have not only independent functions of their own—they are subordinate members of the national constitution, which has provided channels for the due expression of public opinion, primarily in the representative assembly, and, that failing, in its tolerance of meetings of the people on special subjects. Now, apart from the general objection to one organ in the constitution attempting to do work for which another organ is provided, here is this further, applicable to the case in point. As a nation, we are not only at peace with Austria, but all our recognized relations with her are of a friendly character, and the integrity of her empire is guaranteed by treaties to which we were parties. But the very essence of these municipal addresses to Kossuth is hostility to Austria, sympathy with her enemies, and regret at the failure of an attempt to dismember her empire. Our public and recognized foreign relations may ill express our popular feeling; but it is surely an unseemly and indecorous spectacle thus to see

the municipal and imperial organs of a great civilized community exhibiting themselves to the world at open contradiction, making alike its friendship hollow and its enmity contemptible. Suppose the practice extended, and that the House of Lords, for example—surely a body possessing as much intelligence and knowledge of foreign affairs as the corporations—should vote an address of congratulation to the Emperor Francis Joseph “on the subjugation of his rebellious province of Hungary;” what a howl of execration would these very municipal bodies send up! Yet this step would be no violation of international courtesies, no infringement of the European code—of that code which, inefficient as it is, is yet the safeguard against an immediate appeal to the sword on every trifling dynastic or popular quarrel. Our municipal councils are, moreover, administrators of the law, and emphatically the representatives of that middle class to whom order is sacred, as it is essential to their very existence. They should not rush forward as the eager apologists of insurrection, unless with clearer evidence of its absolute necessity than in this case can be possibly supplied at present—nor even then, unless their relations with the contending parties compel them to express opinion on one side or the other. And should such necessity unhappily arise, it will be to sterner music than the clatter of knives and forks, and under leaders of a somewhat different stamp from that of which mayors and aldermen are usually moulded, that heroic speech of the brief and decisive order, or may be, heroic silence, would announce the terrible and by no means festive fact. Till such moment, it is to be regretted that men of peace, whose nature and whose office alike rank them on the side of order and obedience, should under a temporary excitement extend their official sanction to a man who, however lofty his motives, however exemplary his character, however interesting his cause, appears in this country as the public enemy of a power with whom we are at peace and on terms of friendship, and should drown in acclamations of applause just those passages of his fervid and fiery orations in which he denounces with the strongest, and, we allow, for him most natural, epithets of vituperation, our “ancient ally” the Emperor of Austria. What would these gentlemen think and say if the Prefect of the Seine, or the Mayor of Paris, had chosen, in April, 1848, to send addresses of sympathy and condole to the chiefs of our Chartist conspiracy! and where would be the difference? If English constitutionalists have the right to express their sympathy in this way with the struggles of the dependencies of foreign States for independence, foreign republicans, red or otherwise, have just the same right to interfere in the same way and to the same extent in our domestic factions. Such mutual interference must generate a war spirit, which would be in constant danger of exploding into actual war; and even if cotton and heroism should permanently establish such a stable equilibrium as to prevent that, it cannot be desirable for the various nations of Europe that their domestic quarrels should be exasperated, as they must inevitably be, by adding to their own bitterness the fiercer malignity of national jealousies. Of course, no rational man will answer this argument by the assertion that the cause of Hungary was a just cause, but that Irish repeal or Chartist agitation are mere ebullitions of groundless and wicked discontent. Probably the history of our connexion with Ireland has been as disgraceful a page as is

to be found in the record of national crimes; and our lower classes are neither so happy nor so civilized as that we can afford to throw stones at any European* power, much less at Austria. Besides, were it ever so true that England was just in her dealings and Austria unjust, what would it be to the purpose, so long as England and Austria alone were judges! The Austrian government no more does acts which it considers politically unjust, in any large sense of that phrase, than the English government. In fact, there is but one ultimate arbiter to which nations will consent to appeal; and those who studiously disclaim this resort ought consistently to avoid those remonstrances and interferences which have no meaning but in an ultimate appeal to arms. Once let nations take to lecturing and bullying one another, and there will be no end to it. Each government will be for managing the affairs of every other; and if the practice is, as in the case we are speaking of, to be extended to the subordinate fractional governments by which the administration of a country is carried on, every vestry meeting may come to be an arena for the discussion of European policy, and while Smith and Tomkins are hurling the thunderbolts of eloquence at crowned heads and starred prime ministers, the church-fabric will fall to pieces, the organ-bellows wear out, and the clerk and parson be left to vote what rates they please. “Ne sutor ultra crepidam” is as essential to the making of shoes well, as it is for the prevention of doing higher things badly.

These objections would apply to the course taken by the municipal bodies which have addressed Kossuth, supposing them to be fully acquainted with the facts of the case on which they are presuming to pronounce public judgment. But they acquire double force when it is remembered that the majority of those who vote these addresses must be most inadequately informed of the facts on which alone a conclusive judgment can be founded. How many mayors or common councilmen could point out Hungary on a map of Europe which had no names of places! How small a number even of those could tell what the constitution of Hungary was before 1848, what reforms Kossuth and his party aimed at, what changes the reactionist party have since introduced! How many could state wherein the Hungarian peasant was less a free man than the English agricultural laborer! Yet these are but a minute portion of the elements that enter into a rational judgment of the whole case between Austria and her dependency. Is there in fact evidence before these town-councils of such a convincing nature that they would convict a man of the smallest misdemeanor upon it? Evidence is no doubt to be got at, but have these town-councils taken the trouble to master the case! No one who knows the English bourgeoisie in the provinces or in London will venture to say that they have gone, in this matter, upon any ground stronger than that of a vague sympathy with the name of constitutional rights and a vague abhorrence of despotic cruelty and injustice. And is this vague sympathy with right, this vague abhorrence of wrong, a justification for rushing into expressions of sympathy with and abhorrence of persons, without a preliminary and patient and impartial inquiry on whose side is the right and on whose the wrong! This rade seems to be the proceeding of a mob, blindly fol-

[*The Spectator leaves itself at liberty, so far as America, Asia, and Africa are concerned.]

lowing the voice of a leader, the tocsin of a party-cry, not the thoughtful and deliberate action of constituted bodies, all of whose decisions should have something of the weight of laws, because they are presumed to be reached with something of that calm deliberation and full knowledge on which legal judgments rest, and from which they derive their solemn sanction. No doubt, there is a great temptation for popularly-elected bodies to seize upon what are called the broad features of a case; no doubt, it is difficult to hold the judgment suspended in presence of a great question; but the political education of which Englishmen boast consists mainly in the formation of this habit of judicious scepticism. Where men are compelled to act, if they have not knowledge they must act on instinct, and instinct is often sublime; but to rush into action needlessly, and in the absence of that strict information on which right action can alone be habitually based, is, at least, not the characteristic to be expected from or praised in the constitutional organs of a great nation. Surely in such a case silence and inaction are more manifold than all the froth-floods of radical eloquence, and all the harlequinade gesticulations of platform cosmopolitan philanthropy, which would sheath every sword in Britain and shout "Stop" to the giant powers of barbarian despotism; carrying into practical life the hypothetical folly of the poet—

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height.

Last year, our draymen lynched Haynau, and no one was very sorry that they escaped detection and consequent punishment; but municipal bodies whose political existence dates back centuries ought not to need teaching that a higher morality is expected from them, and that steps of this sort on the side they consider the right side are sure to be followed by similar steps on what they will consider the wrong side. "The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better my instruction." The slightest deviation from legality in constituted authorities is a fatal precedent, sure to be turned against them to their disadvantage by those whose ends as well as means are wrong; and we believe the steps to be very few from such proceedings as we have been commenting on, to such a disorganization as issues in Mexican annexation and Cuban invasions.

From the Spectator, 1st Nov.

MODERN "NON-INTERVENTION" TRANSLATED INTO THE VERNACULAR.

M. Kossuth seems to have adopted the principle of asking from each country that which it might be expected to give—a very practical idea; but moreover, he asks it in the *manner* which may be supposed most acceptable to each country. He adopts, as it were, the political dialect suited to the topography of the place at which he stops. At Spezia, the reports of Italian journals represent him as holding conversation in which he let fall avowals of his desire for alliance with the Italian movement, and his purpose of collecting men and munitions of war—the Italian idea. At Marseilles, he adopts the cry of "Vive la République!" accepts the manifestation of the French population as distinct from the government, and promises, for his own country, "to deserve it." In England, he talks "constitutional" language, prefers to recognize offi-

cial and corporate functionaries, and upholds the doctrine of non-intervention—he asks for nothing more. In America, as we see by the journals of various parties, they are fully expecting him to talk democracy, and they are awedly prepared to be loudly disappointed if he do not.

Now *what* is it that M. Kossuth proposes to the English people? His proposition embraces a machinery and an ulterior operation. His machinery is borrowed from our most recent political contrivance: he desires that another of those "associations" which have achieved our recent political victories should be established—one like the Reform League or the Anti-Corn-law Association. He professes to recognize corporate bodies exclusively, desiring to make his appeal "national," and to abstain altogether from internal questions or party politics: but an appeal of the kind addressed to our corporations attests the fact that M. Kossuth is a novice in English politics. Mayors are not officers of agitation, though they did make such a show in Prince Albert's gentle agitation for the Crystal Palace; but then it was an agitation "by authority." Mayors are celebrated amongst us for tremendously constitutional resolves, and excellent dinners—"no further harm." However, M. Kossuth is not to be blamed for having no closer acquaintance with our methods than the foreign reader of books and newspapers can acquire.

The ulterior operation of this society is, to urge on the government the doctrine of non-intervention; carried out, however, to its complete effect: England is not only to abstain from meddling in the internal affairs of any country, as M. Kossuth abstains from meddling in our affairs, but is to call upon any third state likewise to abstain: England, for instance—and the instance is M. Kossuth's own—is not only to abstain from intervention in Hungary, as she abstained in 1848-50, but is to oblige Russia to abstain—"not to allow the Czar to interfere in the domestic concerns of whatever nation in Europe." That is a different intervention from the one preached by large and influential classes in this country, of the Economical school or Peace party; but it is undoubtedly a logical development of the non-intervention doctrine for those who profess to uphold "the balance of power."

Let us, however, clearly perceive that this kind of non-intervention means *war*. We abstain from discussing the question whether or not it is our duty to uphold certain principles beyond our own frontiers; we abstain from the question whether it would be politic to go to war; we abstain from the not less essential question, whether it would be possible to convince the people of this country, most especially the middle classes, of the necessity, the duty, or the policy of war. We are strictly surveying the nature of M. Kossuth's proposition and its inevitable consequences. M. Kossuth avers that he does not desire England "to draw the sword": but he can scarcely mean to enforce the absolute non-intervention which he claims by nothing more cogent than "protests," however "spirited"; because that would only be to repeat the Downing Street farces of 1848; and, assuredly no machinery of association would be needed to obtain *that* kind of non-intervention. You may have it à discretion. The proposition involves a protest against non-intervention, and the *enforcement* of the protest; it involves English non-intervention in the internal affairs of Hungary, a protest against the intervention of Russia, and the enforcement of that protest if Russia should slight it—that is war.

But to what extent—how *much* war? This is a question impossible to answer. Undoubtedly, if the several nations were to assert their strength against any combinations of the official “powers,” and were to provide each one government with plenty of work at home, a comparatively small degree of practical support from this country might suffice to obtain the desired end—perhaps no more than the protest and the *threat* of enforcement. Undoubtedly, such an attitude on the part of England would lend great confidence both to revolutionary and perhaps still more to constitutional insurgents on the Continent. But there are no reliable data for calculating the power of popular insurgents to hold out against the immense armies that can and would be combined against them; no data for calculating the aggregate amount of intervention that England might have to stop. She might find herself involved in a war not less extensive than that which terminated in 1815, but arrayed *against* the huge alliance which then supported her. We have said that we abstain from discussing the questions of duty and policy involved in this matter: certain are we that the policy of 1848 was not the wisest or most virtuous—perhaps scarcely less foolish and vicious than that of 1815: but let us clearly understand and discern the *things*, practically and tangibly, about which we are talking.

From the Spectator, 1st Nov.

NAPLES SOAP AND PALMERSTON CAUSTIC LEY.

HAVING entered into the bookselling business, Lord Palmerston has been invited to increase his connexion; and he displays a singular amount of irritation at the friendly hint. As the Irish Education Board entered into rivalry with Messrs. Longman and Murray in the distribution of elementary works, so Lord Palmerston enters into competition with Mr. Ridgway for the distribution of political pamphlets, and undertakes a foreign agency: his first venture consisted in the exportation of Mr. Gladstone's Letters. Wishing to encourage the young enterpriser in his new line, Prince Casteleicala offered him the distribution of Mr. MacFarlane's reply, and obligingly sent fifteen copies for that purpose. Lord Palmerston receives the offer with indignation, as though it were out of the regular course of his new business. The diplomatic Ridgway is affronted at being taken for a diplomatic Hatchard.

It was all very well to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs!

Lord Palmerston might have declined what certainly seems a very natural extension of the business which he had entered voluntarily, but why fly in the face of Prince Casteleicala with so much asperity? He rates the prince's government in good set terms, for “illegality, injustice, and cruelty,” “abuses,” “long-continued and widespread injustice.” He falls on Mr. MacFarlane with the trenchant ardor of a veritable reviewer: having worked up his fine phrenzy, in a diatribe on Naples in general, his eye rolls upon the pamphlet, consisting of “a flimsy tissue of bare assertions and reckless denials, mixed up with coarse ribaldry and commonplace abuse of public men and political parties.” Prince Casteleicala's place in London, it is said, has become too hot to hold him,

and he is to go: he is kicked down the stairs of St. James'.

Sallies of this kind are no novelties in Lord Palmerston's career, and cannot take himself by surprise. Narvaez can testify to the incivility of Lord Palmerston's lectures on constitutional government; only that in the affair of the Spanish marriages, it was not the Spanish ambassador in London, but the English ambassador in Madrid, that was kicked down stairs. We all remember the personal rudeness against the King of Greece and his private garden, into which Lord Palmerston was betrayed by his warmth of heart and his zeal for Don David Pacifico. It is evident that he is very strongly, not to say passionately, moved by the cruel outrages of the Neapolitan government: he must have been suppressing his feelings for a long time, since, though his brother has long enjoyed the coveted post of English representative at the court of Naples, Lord Palmerston never so much as let a touch of this emotion escape him; but now, when Mr. Gladstone has told the English all about it, when Prince Casteleicala and the “ribald” MacFarlane came before the Foreign Secretary, he can no longer restrain the artless impulse.

His divine fury demands some victim, and what victim so ready as Prince Casteleicala or the “ribald” MacFarlane? He must be in earnest, when his feelings make him so far forget himself as to send messages to *Frankfort* on behalf of the prisoners in *Naples*—when he is betrayed into language so undiplomatic—when living victims feel the force of his indignation. As King Otho was a sacrifice to the Palmerstonian furor, as even the beloved Bulwer fell in the diplomatic combat, so fall Casteleicala and MacFarlane. It is true, that the victims are of no importance—that nobody misses them or is hurt for them; true, that Naples still pursues her course unmolested in practice; true, that Poerio's chains have just been renewed, though he is still in the infirmary: but how strong are Palmerston's sympathies with popular what-do-you-call-'ems! how earnest is he about the rights of thingum-bob!

From the Spectator.

FOREIGN NEWS ENDING 1ST NOV.

A LARGE portion of the week's news has consisted of the doings with, by, and about M. Kossuth, and of reports of his remarkable English eloquence. Further speeches have been made by him at Winchester, at Southampton, and at the Guildhall of London. The first was historical; the second was the discursive complement of the first; the last was a well-cogitated thesis on various “principles,” prominently brought to the orator's mind by the circumstances of his visit to the metropolis. His hearers wondered at his wealth of words; his earnestness affected them; his natural tact and professional training enabled him to be “all things to all men,” while he watchfully avoided some popular traps that he had been warned to shun.

The aim and tendency of the demonstrations are sufficiently obvious. The object of M. Kossuth is to appeal in behalf of himself and his cause to the judgment of Englishmen; the object of the parties who assemble to hear him is to pronounce in the name of England a verdict in their favor. The position which M. Kossuth and his audiences seek

to affirm has gradually shaped itself into this : No government has a right to interfere in the intestine dissensions of a foreign state ; and if any government so interfere, others have a right to combine to prevent its intervention. Couched in general terms, the principle is specious enough ; but such abstract doctrines are best tried by special applications.

The Austrian dominions are a congeries of states, connected by their subordination to one central government. The law of nations awards to such an aggregate the character and privileges of a nation. Hungary is part of the Austrian empire, just as India is part of the British, and Syria and Egypt are parts of the Ottoman empire.

Since the recognition of the independence of the North American Republic, and more unequivocally still since the final expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France, the principle that no foreign state has a right to force upon a nation a dynasty or form of government which it has resolved to cast off, has been recognized as a maxim of the law of nations. But it is a very different question whether a foreign state has a right to interfere to assist a government in reducing a province which is determined to separate from the rest. And this is the real question raised by the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary. The right to afford such assistance to another government is still recognized by the law of nations ; otherwise what right had England to interfere between Mehemet Ali and the Porte, and wrest from the former Syria, which the Porte was unable to extricate from his grasp, and compel him to recognize the suzeraineté of the sultan even in Egypt ? The maxim affirmed by M. Kossuth and his sympathizers may be abstractly just, but it has not yet been recognized as part of the law of nations ; and governments must square their conduct to that law as it actually exists.

There is another consideration. Admitting it to be desirable that the principle affirmed by M. Kossuth should be engrafted on the law of nations—as the principle that foreign powers ought not to interfere in the domestic quarrels of subject and sovereign has been—how is it to be enforced ? England, at the request of the Porte, interfered to check Mehemet Ali ; Russia, at the request of the Emperor of Austria, interfered to put down Kossuth. In similar circumstances, both would act again as they have already done. With what face can England refuse to Russia the exercise of a right which she claims for herself ? Would Russia heed the refusal of England unless it were supported by an appeal to arms ? The approbation of M. Kossuth's proposition by his sympathizing friends in England, is but empty breath and bravado, unless they are prepared to recommend a recourse to arms in support of it. But will the people of England go to war for such a purpose ?

It is presumptuous on the part of a few corporations and a few self-appointed individuals to take upon them to pronounce in the name of the people of England on a question so delicate and involving such momentous consequences. It is most inconsistent in professed advocates of the doctrine of universal peace to lend themselves to the aims of those who expect in 1852 the great battle of Armageddon, which is to decide finally, as they delight in phrasing it, between kings and peoples.

IRISH MALE MILLINERS.—The *Belfast Mercury* has a notice of Ribbonism in Belfast. The *Cork Examiner* adverts to Bloomerism in Cork. Women taking

to Bloomerism are bad enough ; but men who take to Ribbonism are undoubtedly worse.—*Punch*.

"WELCOME KOSSUTH!"

BY W. JONES—LANCASTER, ENG.

WELCOME, Kossuth ! Ten thousand thousand voices,
Far louder than old Ocean's loudest roar,
Welcome, while Freedom's heart of hearts rejoices,
Thy advent to our hospitable shore.

Welcome, Kossuth

Welcome, Kossuth ! It rings o'er the Atlantic,
America's free millions catch the strain ;
And with huge glee and exultation frantic,
Reverb it to the Baltic back again.

Welcome, Kossuth !

Fierce Jellachich, vile Görgey, and flogged Haynau,
To them, and to their tyrant masters pale,
It comes as from the throat of a volcano,
Rewafted, thundering back, on every gale ;—

Welcome, Kossuth !

All the free spirits of all climes respond it :
All states called free—save suicidal France !
The Far West and the Ocean Isles beyond it,
Shout, sudden wakened from their long soul-trance,

Welcome, Kossuth !

And thy loved country (how *thy* name endears it
To patriot hearts !) which yet thou 'lt live to free,
With sympathetic gratulation hears it,
And clanks her fetters with prophetic glee !

Welcome, Kossuth !

For she has steadfast faith in thy returning
To lift her from Oppression's black abyss ;
This know her tyrants ; and 'neath masks of scorning,
Tremble, and "feel how awful goodness is !"

Welcome, Kossuth !

Welcome to all that hate the fiend Oppression :

Welcome to all that love the angel, Truth ;

Welcome to all that feel a degradation

In Hungary's scourged women and crushed youth.

Welcome, Kossuth !

Nay, read thy welcome in the *stars* that cluster
Around thee as a *sun*, illustrious guest !

Victoria's crown itself draws a new lustre
From this thy stay in progress to the West.

Welcome, Kossuth !

And thou art welcome to the aid we proffer ;
And thou art worthy ;—for thou well hast won
An immortality with Tell and Hofer,
Wallace, and Bruce, and glorious Washington.

Noble Kossuth !

Now, peace and joy attend thee to the region
Where the free sons and beauteous daughters dwell
Of the old Pilgrim Fathers !—Thy religion
Be Love, and Truth, and, Goodness still !

Farewell, glorious Kossuth !

From *Punch*.

MRS. GRUNDY ON BLOOMERISM.

HOITY-HOITY !—don't tell me about the nasty stupid
fashion !

Stuff and nonsense !—the idea 's enough to put one in
a passion.

I'd allow no such high jinkses, if I was the creatures'
parent.

Bloomers are they—forward minxes ! I'd soon Bloomer
'em, I warrant.

I've no patience nor forbearance with 'em—scornin' them as bore 'em ;
 What ! they can't dress like their mothers was content to dress afore 'em,
 Wearing what-d'ye-call-'ems—Gracious ! brass itself ain't half so brazen.
 Why, they must look more audacious than that what's-i-name—Amázon !
 Ha ! they'll smoke tobacco next, and take their thimblefuls of brandy,
 Bringing shame upon their sex, by aping of the jack-a-dandy.
 Yes ; and then you'll have them shortly showing off their bold bare faces,
 Prancing all so pert and portly at their Derbys and their races.
 Oh ! when once they have begun, there's none can say where they'll be stopping,—
 Out they'll go with dog and gun, perhaps a-shooting and a-popping.
 Aye, and like as not, you'll see, if you've a Bloomer for your daughter,
 Her ladyship, so fine and free, a-pulling matches on the water ;
 Sitting in a pottus tap, a-talking politics, and jawing ;
 Or else a-reading *Punch*, mayhap, and hee-hee-heeing and haw-hawing.
 I can't a-bear such flighty ways—I can't abide such flaunty tastes.
 And so they must leave off their stays to show their dainty shapes and waistes !
 To set their ankles off, indeed, they wear short trousers with a trimmin' .
 I'd not have my feet flagreed, for ever so, like these young women.
 No ; you won't see me, I'll be bound, dressed half-and-half, as a young feller,
 I'll stick to my old shawl and gownd, my pattens, and my umbereller.

"CEASE, LOUD BOREAS."

THERE is a practice gradually creeping into literary advertising which we are determined to "put down." It is the practice of sticking in among "Opinions of the Press" the private opinions, delivered in private letters, by private individuals. It is a little too bad that the civil expressions of an author should be made public to puff a book—just as the letters of patients are used to magnify the merits of a new pill or old humbug.

Besides, it is to be remarked that a copious use of asterisks on these occasions too clearly tells that some qualifying expression has been omitted. If the correspondent, for example, expresses himself thus :—"Your poems, were they as fine as Milton's, could scarcely redeem the ill taste of your preface," &c.—the puffer coolly puts down "as fine as Milton" to the tail of his advertisement, and makes the writer responsible for that assertion.

We suppose that any ordinary courtesy of phrase delivered in the street, or at table, to these puffers, will soon be brought into the advertising columns in the same way. We may expect "Opinions" like these.

"An interesting work."—Huggles (to my wife "at Jones' party").

"Pleasantly written."—Professor Bray, (at dessert).

"Really an extraordinary performance."—Kinder, (in the Park).

"Worthy of the author."—Punch (with emphasis).

In print, too, any gestures or looks with which the said phrases were accompanied, are lost, much, doubtless, to the puffer's advantage.—*Punch*.

NEW BOOKS.

The Life of John Sterling. By Thomas Carlyle. Boston : Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We could say many things of this book, both for and against it. It is an exceedingly interesting narrative, with passages of striking thought and touching pathos, but one-sided, and in its religious views too dreary to do justice to a soul like that of Sterling. It is not a book to inspire us with great thoughts or cheering hopes, or kindly affections. We do not lay it down, as we do the life of Dr. Arnold, with the impression that we have received some new action of spiritual life. And yet there are passages of great beauty and the most affecting tenderness.—*Christian Register*.

REDFIELD, of Clinton Hall, has published a very valuable work, entitled "*The Ladies of the Core nant*," made up of Scottish female characters, who were distinguished during the period of the Covenant and the Persecution. It is written by Rev. James Anderson, and embodies incidents of heroism seldom equalled in the world's history. The book cannot fail to be welcomed by the great body of the reading public.—*N. Y. Times*.

Florence and a Sketch of the Village. By Eliza Buckminster Lee : Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Two pretty tales, which will not lack interested readers in the coming winter season.—*N. Y. Cour*.

The Evening Book, or Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life. By Mrs. Kirkland, author of a New Home, &c.

This is a very handsome volume, of over three hundred pages, beautifully printed, illustrated, and bound, and excellent for a gift book, for, beside these external advantages, the Evening Book is filled with very pleasant sketches of morals and manners, in Mrs. Kirkland's most agreeable style. Many of the gift books are very fine to lie on the centre table and be turned over for the pictures, but this volume is good for much more, and is well adapted to be read silently to cheer a solitary evening, or aloud to enliven a family circle. Mrs. Kirkland's Western Sketches, of which this volume contains several, are always spirited and highly amusing. The Evening Book is published in New York by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Margaret, a Tale of the Real and Ideal. By Sylvester Judd, Jr. 2 vols. Boston : Phillips, Sampson & Co.

With a second and revised edition, this novel by Mr. Judd, which was thought by many people on its first appearance a very extraordinary production, may be supposed to have conquered the repugnance of critics, and passed to that shelf, holding many classics, where great faults are redeemed by greater virtues. Margaret is a quaint picture of New England life, metaphysical as well as social, and embodies several characters in a sort of rough crystallization. We need no better proof of this than the many vigorous faces and situations Mr. Darley has drawn from the novel, in his yet unpublished series of drawings ; but which, we trust, will soon see the light. Margaret, in spite of critical advice to the author, remains the best of his books—the freshest, and even the clearest.—*Lit. World*.

Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine.

The November number of this valuable journal has been received in Boston by Messrs. Redding & Co. It contains an account, with illustrations, of Robinson's Sewing Machine, a paper on the culture and manufacture of Flax, and other interesting matter.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Poems, by Robert T. Conrad.

A volume, containing a drama entitled "Aylmere, or the Bondmen of Kent," and other Poems, by Robert T. Conrad, Esq., has been published in Philadelphia by Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. The Dramatic Poem is founded on the insurrection of Jack Cade, and was prepared for the stage under the direction of Mr. Forrest—though, as it is now presented to the reader, it comprises much that was not designed for the stage. There are some touching and affecting scenes in this tragedy, though its story is of course a painful one. Many of the smaller poems will be read with pleasure. The author is a well-known contributor to the periodicals of the day, and several of the pieces in this volume have before appeared. His friends and admirers will be glad to see them collected in a handsome and durable form.—*Daily Advertiser.*

Hand-Book of Literature and the Fine Arts, compiled by George Ripley and Bayard Taylor, composes the first volume of a series announced by the publisher entitled "Putnam's Home Cyclopedia," intended to present a general view of the whole circle of human knowledge, in a brief and comprehensive form, adapted to the wants of the great mass of intelligent readers. The subjects of this series are treated under the heads of History and Chronology, General Literature, and the Fine Arts, Useful Arts, Universal Biography, Universal Geography, and Science. The present volume has been compiled from the most authentic sources, and condenses a great amount of information into a small compass. It embraces the departments of literature, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, giving brief definitions of their leading terms, and historical notices of their development and progress. The most important words and phrases employed in logic, rhetoric, and criticism, in systems of philosophy and theology, and in common and international law, together with a variety of historical and scientific terms, are concisely explained; while sketches of the history of literature and art are given at as great length as was consistent with the limits of the work. The volume is designed for the use of families and schools, and is suited to be studied as a text-book by classes, as well as consulted by readers in general. (12mo. pp. 647. G. P. Putnam.)—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, with their portraits, after Sir Peter Lely, and other eminent painters; illustrating the Diaries of Pepys, Evelyn, Clarendon, and other contemporary writers. By Mrs. Jameson. Imperial octavo, pp. 350. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The administration of Charles II. was peculiarly under the secret influence of those who were distinguished among their sex for beauty and talents. It is, therefore, very properly illustrated by the portraits of these brilliant women. The engravings have been executed in the finest style, from original paintings in the "Gallery of Beauties," at Windsor.

Commencing with Queen Catherine, these pages present us with pleasing portraits of the most celebrated of the fair courtiers of those dissolute days. There are such as Lady Northumberland, Miss Hamilton, Lady Ossory, and others, whose fair reputations no breath ever profaned; and in the same series are also, with justice to the design of the work, the renowned Nell Gynne, the Duchess of Cleveland, &c. The number of portraits and memoirs is twenty-one. The personages are generally robed in the style of those days. The memoirs are written in the author's most felicitous manner, and with a deep feeling of the lesson they were intended to convey. Few works more rich and massive in their appearance, or attractive in their contents, are offered to the public; and we do not doubt that it will prove one of the most

popular of Messrs. Appleton's reprints, and a favorite gift-book for the season.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Hand Book of Universal Biography. By Parks Godwin. New York: George P. Putnam.

With the materials at hand, and a knowledge of the omissions, inaccuracies and defects of the various compendiums of general biography heretofore published in this country and Europe, Mr. Godwin has had the opportunity to prepare the best dictionary of universal biography extant in so small a compass. That he has done so we have been assured by a careful examination of the volume. We have consulted it with reference to a number of names, famous and infamous, illustrious and obscure, in modern and ancient history, and have found the notices of each invariably satisfactory, giving all the facts that could be desired or expected in a work of the size. Maundrell's work has been the basis of Mr. Godwin's labors, but he has re-written the most important, has omitted what seemed unnecessary and out of place, has made additions where they seemed requisite, and has incorporated biographical sketches of every distinguished American who has died up to a recent date, the plan of such a work necessarily excluding living personages. This volume forms one of a series, which, when completed, will form "Putnam's Home Cyclopedia." If the others, touching literature and the fine arts, the useful arts, &c., are as faithfully and judiciously compiled as this, the series will be exceedingly valuable for reference.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Mr. Greeley's Glances at Europe have been published in a very neat volume, which will be very widely read. Originally published in *The Tribune*, they have already obtained a degree of notoriety seldom vouchsafed to books of any sort. They are now in a form which challenges criticism more boldly than the columns of the daily press; but those who find most fault with them, will read them, nevertheless, with decided interest.

Mr. Greeley was in Europe about three months. He travelled rapidly, and wrote as fast as he travelled. Yet few books on Europe, no matter how elaborate, have ever presented more important facts, or more useful observations upon European affairs, than this. Mr. Greeley is a quick observer, and a rapid thinker. He would see more in going through Europe, and would draw more conclusions from what he saw, than half a dozen common men. And to say that he would describe both better than almost anybody else, is only to say what most readers of daily newspapers already know.

His letters are very interesting and very valuable. They give a graphic, and, so far as we can judge, a correct view of European affairs. They are the work of a mind sharp, observant, wide awake, and eminently practical. They are written in an energetic, rapid, and telling style, faulty often, when judged by the standards, but never dull. We commend the book, which is published by Dewitt & Davenport, to general attention.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

Woman and her Needs. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith: Fowler & Wells, publishers.

The material of this book appeared in a series of articles in the *Tribune*, with whose peculiar notions they showed much affinity. Mrs. Smith writes cleverly and pleasantly always, sometimes wittily—but not often soundly. She has rarely written less cleverly, pleasantly and wittily, or more unsoundly, than in the present little volume.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Braggadocio. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. New York: Charles Scribner.

A story for children, calculated to inculcate the virtues of industry and perseverance. It is natural and entertaining.—*Com. Adv.*